

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 08240959 4



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



W. H. GREGG

Secrets of Fate Unlocked

...OR...

FROM POSSIBILITY
TO REALITY



...BY...

W. H. GREGG

Graduate of Nebraska Institute for the Blind

1901

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

102169A

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

B 1023 L

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. H. GREGG

DEDICATION

To the late Mrs. Ella Bartling Gregg, whose unswerving faith in God, affectionate fidelity to her husband, cheerfulness while enduring many afflictions, and whose daily life was an inspiration to the author; to her whose bright intellect and encouraging words helped to open this book, to frame these chapters, and who, had life been spared, would have written these pages with her own hand; to the precious memory of her who, though counted dead, yet speaketh, this book is most affectionately dedicated.

In addition, I desire to express my sincere gratitude to my friends who so freely and so promptly gave their financial support, Messrs. A. L. Johnson, J. L. Tidball, P. L. Knight, and others, of Crete, Nebraska. Also Messrs. S. E. Hart, of Lincoln, and B. L. Castor, of Wilber.

And, finally, I shall ever hold in fond remembrance the persons who rendered that indispensable assistance to one who cannot see to do his own writing and preparing of copy. Chief among these are Elder E. D. Aller, as the amanuensis, and Rev. M. Fulcomer, who had the task of editing nearly all these pages.

CONTENTS.

PRELIMINARIES	PAGE
Dedication,	3
Preface,	5
Introduction,	9
CHAPTERS	
I Childhood,	15
II My Trip to the Pacific Coast,	34
III What I Saw in Wind Cave,	50
IV The Darkest Side,	70
V Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled, . . .	82
VI Questions and Answers,	99
VII Character Building,	113
VIII Natural Influences,	132
IX Hints on Education,	143
X Education of the Blind,	160
XI Concerning Helen Keller,	171
XII The Education of the Deaf,	182
XIII Not Objects of Charity,	192
XIV The Pinnacle of Fame,	206
XV The Lame Take the Prey,	227

PREFACE

This humble volume is offered for your careful perusal and personal benefit by Willian H. Gregg, who was born blind and left, when very young, to depend upon his own energy. His early purpose to support and educate himself, to develop the remaining faculties to the highest degree, and to explode the idea that the blind are doomed to grind a hand organ and passively submit to the inexorable decrees of fate, was a source of admiration and inspiration to me, and created in my heart an ever increasing desire to get near to the manly little lad. On the 27th of July, 1881, after conducting his grandfather's funeral, the opportunity came, and our two hearts melted into one. Since that day we have been intimate associates, and have driven thousands of miles together over the prairies of Nebraska, in religious work, with mutual profit and pleasure. I therefore deem it to be both a privilege and an honor to be permitted to pay this tribute to the author.

His high ideal of true manhood, his steady aim to be eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, feet to the lame, and courage to the faltering, gave early promise of a fruitful life. His manly bearing, determined will, sunny nature, and surprising capabilities forced recognition and gave him a place among men of affairs.

When a mere boy he made one of his characteristic

speeches at a Sunday school convention just at noon. A motion prevailed that we would neither adjourn nor eat nor drink until a sufficient sum was raised to purchase a raised print Bible for the last speaker. The money was obtained, Mr. Gregg thanked the givers, an excellent basket dinner was served on time, and the sun shone warmer and brighter.

At the next convention Mr. Gregg read a part of the third chapter of John, in his new Bible, and every eye was suffused with tears.

After his graduation from the Nebraska Institute for the Blind, he still failed to receive the encouragement due one who had struggled so hard to fit himself for work. But each succeeding trial seemed like a refining fire to purify his nature, and every discouragement a friendly spur to urge him on to final success, thus strengthening his purpose, ennobling his character, and verifying the proverb that "He who does his best shall never cease to improve."

His strong faith in the possible was seen when, without money, he undertook to publish his second book; and his home people's faith in the man is manifested in this completed volume.

The main object of this book is to show that "There is no misfortune which a resolute will may not transform into an advantage; that everybody has a work to do, and cannot be excused from the task; that those in midnight darkness may both enjoy and impart sunshine.

good cheer, and overcoming courage; that the best way to aid the unfortunate is to give them plenty of encouragement and something profitable to do; that application is the path from lower opportunity to higher; that he who toils on the border of possibility shall cross the border to still greater possibilities and convert them into realities, and that anything short of one's very best endeavors is not worthy of him.

E. D. ALLER.

INTRODUCTION

It will be well for those who read this book to know something of the motives and incentives which have prompted me to dictate its pages. It was my misfortune to be born blind, and so my whole life has been spent in the realm of darkness. Yet it has been my privilege to travel a great deal over the country, and my opportunities for observation have been somewhat extensive. I have found, as a result of my observations, a great lack of practical experimental knowledge, due largely to the fact that students in the main rely almost altogether on text-books for their information, and pay little regard to the common affairs of nature and everyday life. While with all my heart I favor the use of text-books and would urge students to the most careful study of their contents, yet I plead for a more general personal study of the inexhaustible book of nature and the lives of the great characters who have lived and blessed the world.

The misfortunes of some have proved a means of great blessing to others. It is my desire to take advantage of my unfortunate condition and use it as a means placed within my power by an all-wise Providence to bestow a blessing on the rising generation. It is with this object in view that these pages are now written. The hope that I may stimulate the young people to a more deter-

mined effort to follow in the footsteps of their predecessors with honor and credit, and awaken in the hearts of parents and instructors a more substantial interest in behalf of their children and those committed to their care, actuates me in the preparation of this work. Therefore I send forth this little volume with a desire, not to get wealth and fame, though these may be thought of ever so great importance; neither do I claim for myself knowledge superior, nor indeed equal to many of those whose patronage and interest I hope to gain; nor do I even indulge in the hope that I shall be able to solve the mighty problems of education—a work which the combined minds of all the ages have not been able to perform; but, that I may place before my readers the lessons that, notwithstanding my misfortune, I have learned from personal experience and careful study of the practical and ordinary affairs of life. I submit these pages with the great object in view of advancing the welfare and increasing the happiness of mankind. I hope by this means to show how the number of the apparently helpless may be noticeably decreased, and the misgivings, otherwise called prejudices, against the capabilities of unfortunate persons materially lessened, and how true benevolence, through brotherly kindness, may become both a pleasure and a gain to you instead of a burden, by the advantages of education and encouragement. For it is through these means that the most unfortunate may become self-sustaining, so relieving them from the hu-

miliation of being paupers, and you from the necessity of supporting them as such. In delineating this subject I have endeavored to use such illustrations as seem to be best calculated to present, in a forcible manner, the difficulties and disadvantages under which the blind and the otherwise afflicted are obliged to labor.

While I shall use the blind chiefly as an example, because that is the class to which I belong, and I can speak from experience, yet it is not my intention to in any way slight other unfortunate people, for there are other afflictions which I consider equally great, if not greater.

I delivered an address before the high school at Lincoln, Neb., February 11, 1898. Two hours later a young man came to the office of Superintendent J. F. Saylor with an extra donation. He explained that, before hearing the lecture, he had entirely given up the idea of completing his course of study, for want of confidence in his ability and the lack of funds. But if, under the circumstances, I could accomplish so much and analyze so clearly how I did it, he with all his faculties, a strong physique, and an earnest desire to go ahead, ought to expel the word "can't" from his vocabulary. And that from this inspiration he had resolved to fight his way to the dome of the University. For some time after parents stopped me on the streets and heartily thanked me for the address, as that was all their children could talk about for a week, and they knew it was doing them good. This was one influence which incited me to complete this work.

In this world of ours it requires all kinds of warning, persuasion, enticement, and encouragement to spur both young and old to a sense of their duty. If a person has only one talent, and does not use it, he is not only guilty of a grievous sin, but his life is worse than nothing. Being born blind, together with other disadvantages with which I have been obliged to cope, has given me much experience out of the ordinary. Now I have tried to utilize this experience in these pages, by plainly showing how, one after another, each doubt has been solved, each difficulty settled, each obstacle overcome, a clear knowledge of the situation acquired, and the possible made real in the struggle of my own poor life. Thus, peradventure, it may be my exalted privilege some day to know that in this way I have assisted some one to unkink the snarls in his own trials, thereby deriving the benefit designed by the author.

Hoping that this volume may prove profitable, I humbly submit it for your perusal.

WILLIAM HENRY GREGG.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me us less, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
“Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?”
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need
Either man’s work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And rest o’er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve ~~who~~ only stand and wait.”

—Milton.

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD

I was born in Winona county, Minnesota, September 4, 1867, and without sight. When I was one year of age my parents moved to Darke county, Ohio, near the home of my Grandfather Gregg. Of course they took me along. About the first thing I can remember is the difference between cow-butter and apple-butter, as grandmother would term it, when she asked me what I wanted on my bread. I remember of spending many pleasant hours in the woods where my father went to hew railroad ties, and would take me along. I would build all kinds of houses, or what I thought were houses, with the hewings, and climb logs and little trees. I remember when grandfather used to take me home on his back, then naturally to the old sugar camp near by, and fill me up with maple sap. As I write I still imagine that I can hear the evaporator boiling and making music for the child mind. I have not forgotten how I used to stick my hand in the cooling molasses and comb my hair with my fingers. One evening my mother left me alone for a short time, and grandmother's cow, "Black," came prancing around the house with her big bell ringing and scared me, as the saying is, "out of a year's growth." I remember well of sitting for hours of evenings and

listening to the whip-poor-will's wierd and mournful song. When I was six years of age my parents and I once more took up our abode in Winona county, Minnesota. I shall never forget the rippling of the brooks, how musical they were to my childish ears. How we used to roam through the woods gathering berries and nuts in their season, and what an experience it was to step barefooted or to sit down in a yellow jacket's nest. One thing I never shall forget: immediately in front of our house were two tall balm-of-gilead trees. One day I climbed up into the fork of one and something, I do not know what, took possession of me and caused me to climb to the very top, more than seventy-five feet high. A lady was visiting my mother. They missed me and came out and called. I replied "I am up here." My mother gently told me to come down, which I did without accident. There was a hickory tree near by, and I never shall forget one of its sprouts. It really did not taste as good as the nuts. One thing certain, I never climbed the balm-of-gilead any more.

This being a timbered country, the fields were fenced and the cattle were allowed to roam at will. So each cow, or leader, carried a bell, loosely strapped on her neck. I used to enjoy playing cow. I whiled away many a happy hour running here and there with a home-made bell tied around my neck. It was an old can with a bolt-tap swung in it for a clapper.

In those days matches were costly and poor people

could hardly afford to buy them. So mother used to have me cut splinters to light the lamps from the stove. This is how I first learned to count.

I shall always remember the long winter evenings, when I helped father shell corn by hand to take to the mill; and when the neighbors used to come in, sit around the old cook stove, pop corn, and tell fascinating yarns. Some of those stories would make my hair stand on end, as they were often incidents of actual occurrence concerning the depredations of Indians, timber wolves, wild cats and bears, which were then numerous in that region.

Not far from our home a mother sent her twelve-year-old daughter two miles to town for some coffee. She failed to return at the proper time, and a fruitless search was kept up all night. In the morning all that could be found was scattered coffee, pieces of bloody clothing, and traces of wolves.

When I first heard of Indians I thought they were monsters of terror. You may imagine my feelings when one day mother said, "There come the Indians." I crept under the bed to the remotest corner. There were five of them, two men and three women. It was a long time before our dusky visitors could induce me to leave my hiding place. Then I ran out of the house and pulled for the barn as though Lucifer were after me. There was a very large oak tree, half way to the barn, around which the path wound. Ordinarily I would have fol-

lowed the path. But in my flight I tried to go straight through the tree and ingloriously failed. One of the Indian men picked me up, saying: "Big Indian no hurt." This frightened me worse than ever, and he had to put me down. He finally persuaded me to come to him, and presented me with a little bead cap.

My father taught me early in life to work. One evening while carrying in wood I took the lazy man's course, by crossing a strip of glaring ice instead of going around. I slipped and fell, with the wood in my arms, slightly dislocating my right shoulder. We were thirty-five miles from any doctor, and my parents seemed to think it was only a sprain. So they bathed it freely with liniment and let it go with that. But I regret to say that it proved to be permanent in its effects, and my right arm is partially useless for life. Bear in mind, however, the accident could not be attributed to my blindness, as it might have occurred to any one in the same way. My father used to tell others that in childhood I got along almost as well as any one who could see, and that sometimes, when I was real mischievous, it seemed to him as though I had four eyes. As these reminiscences are given for the purpose of giving you an idea of blindness in childhood, I will deviate from my narrative a little.

The absence of sight causes peculiar ideas to creep into the mind when one begins to form conceptions of things. When I first heard of the sun I thought it was

a very large lamp, hung in the air, but I could not imagine what held it up. When I first heard of the moon and stars I wondered what they were; and my mind worked so constantly on this thought that one night I dreamed I had them in my hands. I thought the moon was like a very large rolling-pin and the stars were like ax-handles fastened to the end of the moon, in bunches diverging outward into space. I wondered what they meant when they spoke of the blue sky. The sky seemed to me to be a high deck overhead. I thought the clouds were great vessels placed on the decks and filled with water. I imagined thunder was some heavy object rolled over the floor of my ideal sky, tipping these vessels and causing it to rain. I tried in vain to form some idea of lightning and of light. I wondered why it was that other people could discern what and where objects were at a distance, and I must feel them to know.

When I first heard of corn fodder I thought it was something that would bite.

I used to be very fond of dogs. While in my Minnesota home I had one I called Money. I trained him myself to fight for me, and to go after the cows at night. No matter where I went with him I never got lost, as he could take me home, avoiding all unsafe places.

Now for the first Christmas I remember much about. The reason why this day was especially riveted on my mind you will see later on. It was Christmas, 1873, cold

and snowy weather. Christmas eve we children and our parents went to bed at the same time, in the same room, where we lay and chatted, and mother taught us to repeat the verse beginning, "When I was a little boy I lived by myself." Father had two old-fashioned quail traps. They were made with the four sides tight, the same as boxes with slats nailed on the top. The ground was the floor, on which they spread grain for bait. There was a door on each side, made to swing in, but not out. Father set these traps that Christmas day and caught sixty-two quail, and of course we had a feast fit for a king, but "did not go out into the hedges and highways and compel any to come in."

At ten minutes to four o'clock A.M. the eighth day of the following January, my dear mother was swept across the river of death. Now when memory bears me back to the bygone days my heart can fervently beat with only a faint remembrance of a mother's fond embrace, her good night kiss, her prayer, her parental precepts,—in short, a mother's boundless love. I can truly say that I have never begrudged any person his sight, but I have, with a sad heart, envied many a one his home and mother. So I conclude that my sorest affliction is not the absence of sight, for that I can replace, in a measure, as you will see further on, but the loss of a mother cannot be replaced. The inspiration of her love might have buoyed me to a much higher standard in life than I have yet been able to attain.

After her death my father, two brothers, and I came to Pleasant Hill, Neb., to my Grandfather Gregg's again, as he had lately moved there. I remember something concerning our trip from Ohio to Minnesota, but was not old enough to think much about the motive power which carried us so swiftly across the country. But on our trip from Minnesota to Nebraska my mind began to seek for knowledge, and the engine was a wonderful thing to me. Through diffidence I too seldom asked questions and sought to find out everything I could for myself. So my first idea of the engine was peculiar. When I heard it puff I thought it was a tall, square, heavy iron column, fastened at the bottom on hinges to something that gripped the rails. I thought the top of it was attached to the cars by chains and that by some propelling power, I knew not what, it was swung backward to slack the chains and forward to jerk the cars along by its weight. On arriving in Nebraska, January 23, 1874, we left the cars at Crete, and staged it to Pleasant Hill, a distance of nine miles. Young as I was, I noticed the difference in the country. Nebraska was then all prairie except along the streams, and I had been accustomed to a timber country. My grandparents lived on a little creek in a dugout in the hillside, sixteen by twenty, walled up with logs, with nine occupants after we arrived. The best of all, it had an old-fashioned fireplace in the back end of it. They had some timber on their farm, which was of double interest, making it home-

like to me and affording fuel. One day I cut a twelve-inch log in two with a hatchet. This was my first experience in wood-chopping. I still remember how rough and ragged the ends looked after I had finished. The first new experience to me occurred the following July, when Nebraska was visited with three days of hot winds. As many of my readers know nothing of this phenomenon in nature, I will explain: Go where you will the temperature remains about the same, with scorching gusts of wind, reminding one from the timber country of the heat blown from the acres of burning brush and logs in the clearing. These winds sometimes destroy thousands of acres of the most promising crops in a day, and man and beast seek in vain for a comfortable place. As the land of Nebraska is being cultivated, and trees are grown, these winds become less frequent and less severe. In those days people bound their small grain by hand, and these hot winds left the straw in such a condition that the grain was cut at night that season.

August 25, 1874, my father and I returned to Fari-bault, Minn., where I entered the State Institution for the Blind about the middle of September. While there I took a hand in all the pleasures and mischief that boys could think of. I especially delighted in fishing and boat riding on the lakes and river, also coasting. The school building stands a little over a quarter of a mile from Straight river (which is, however, something like zigzag lightning). About five rods from the building is the top

of a bluff which runs down with a steep slope toward the river, then a strip of sloping prairie about eighty rods across, then straight down about five feet to the water's edge. Filled with a spirit of adventure, boy-like, it occurred to me that this would make a good coasting hill, so I made the break with satisfactory results. We swept down the bluff, across the prairie, and over the river bank, with such force that, turning on the ice down the river, our momentum sped us on some eighty rods further, to the rapids and the spring.

It would not be out of place to mention that one day one of the boys was running a little faster than he realized and cleverly plunged into the center of the spring, sled and all, in the water up to his chin. Consequently he had a fine winter bath, and we had a good laugh at his expense.

I spent the summer of 1877 in Janesville, Minn. The evening of July 3 a boy and I took a piece of inch gas-pipe, three feet long, plugged in one end with iron, and filled it within four inches of the top with powder. We then filled the remaining four inches with paper and a fuse. Before sunrise the next morning we fastened it in a rail fence and a pile of cord wood in the edge of town. I touched it off and betook myself for other quarters. It aroused the town from their slumbers and strewed wood and rails for some distance around. So you see I did not take a back seat for any of the boys in my endeavors to prove my patriotism.

In September, 1877, I returned alone to Nebraska. I paid my fare with money I had earned selling garden vegetables that summer in Janesville. I left Janesville in the evening and arrived in Council Bluffs, Iowa, at 9:30 next morning, without any unusual occurrences. On account of high water it was necessary for me to lay over until 4:15 P.M. and to pursue my journey by way of Plattsmouth, Neb. Here, while waiting for my train, is where I first learned to keep on my guard, and that people were not always what they seemed to be. I heard for the first time the booming of the artillery of life's battle. The fact that I had a fierce battle to fight from that time on began to dawn upon me. The day was lonesome, and any companionship was a relief. After dinner a young man sat down by me in the depot and opened a conversation. He finally asked if I did not wish to accompany him to town. I gladly consented to go. We had not gone far until he began to tell me of his intimate acquaintance with railroad conductors west of the river. He said if I would pay his fare to Red Oak, Iowa, he would see that I should have the rest of my journey free. This he could not persuade me to do. Having another scheme in view, this failure did not discourage him. So we continued our onward march harmoniously. When we reached the heart of the city he told me we were at a ticket office, and if I would give him the money he would buy my ticket for me. I gave him two dollars, but by that time we had gotten past the

ticket office. He then proposed that we wait until we should get back to the depot. Not dreaming of any foul play, I consented. He proposed to return to the station at once, which we did. After arriving there he went to buy my ticket but did not return. A brigade of about thirty men and boys lined up in a searching party. A merchant's son happened to be in the lead and discovered the young man in his father's store. The youth stepped in, collared my friend, and the party brought him back to me, but as he was not marked "glass" they did not handle him with care. My money was all refunded with three dollars added, and I went on my way rejoicing, richer instead of poorer, and somewhat wiser for the experience. A free ticket was given me from Council Bluffs to Crete, and I arrived at my grandfather's place the following day, without any further encroachment on my faith in humanity.

Once more reunited with my two brothers, after three years' absence among strangers, the reader may correctly conclude this to be one of the brightest spots in my childhood recollections. For several years I made my home there. In July, 1881, grandfather died, which was another sad blow to me, as he took the place of my father, who was single and a wanderer and could not make me a home. Grandmother only was left, but she in her infirmity did the best she could.

When a boy I derived much pleasure from horseback riding, which I often indulged in. I kept the road by hearing the horse's feet strike the road or the grass.

One evening I took an old lady home from church because it was too dark for her to find the way. I have heard her relate this incident and laugh heartily over it frequently. So you see I sometimes take advantage of the lack of sight to act the part of the good Samaritan.

One night three young men and myself were taking a ride on "shank's horses." Some one wondered what time it was. I happened to be the only one of the party having a watch. While acquainting myself with the time the others instinctively lit matches to see. Before they could furnish a light I gave them the desired information. They saw the joke at once, and the next day I had candy and peanuts for sale. You may think before I get through that I am a night-hawk. But here is another night event. It was cloudy and dark as pitch. A wagon load of us were on our way home from a political barbecue at Friend, Neb., a distance of fifteen miles. The horses had made a certain and correct turn east, the driver being unconscious of the change made in the direction. The night was very calm, and he had no way of knowing east from west. He soon stopped, thinking we had passed the turning point and were still going south. The entire party, eleven in number, agreed with him excepting myself. Here I had the advantage of them, as the night was the same as day to me. I knew that we had made the turn all right, and informed them of that fact. I explained further that in five minutes more we would cross a certain culvert. After some parleying

my opinion prevailed, and the horses continued their onward tread along their own chosen course. The little culvert soon proved the correctness of my judgment.

One day several of us were sitting on a store porch, discussing the inconveniences of not being able to see. They were all giving their experiences in darkness and telling what they thought they could do. One of our number lived directly across the street west from where we were sitting. His house stood five rods in from the street. He said, "I can find my house in the darkest night." So we blindfolded him thoroughly, turned him around three or four times, and gave him a trial, which terminated in his running into a mower half a block south of his house. I am satisfied he could have found his house all right on a dark night, as nature, with her characteristic assurance, would then have stepped in and helped him out. Being made artificially blind, and knowing the laugh that would soon be turned upon him in case of failure, weakened his nerve for the occasion. Turning him around had a tendency also to confuse him.

I spent the first week of January, 1885, with a school-mate near Ulysses, Neb. One evening during a raging blizzard we whiled the time pleasantly away around a fireside. The boy's stepfather entertained us with several interesting war stories. The conversation drifted to the subject of the accomplishments of the blind. My companion was telling them how easily I could find the road to any point I chose. He told them that, badly as

the snow was drifted, he believed I could find the way to a certain neighboring farm house the next day. His father bet him the oysters I could not. Now it so happened that I had been to this neighbor's house, a mile and a half distant, two days before. On the way I noticed that there were not any breaks on the right-hand side of the road, that there was corn part of the way and a fence the rest of the way. So I secretly knew I could not miss it. Accordingly, I gave my companion a favorable tip. He accepted the wager, only adding my name to the oyster pot. Further, if I made the trip successfully, I was to have fifty cents to get drunk on if I wanted to, ha! ha! The next morning the storm had abated, and I set out on my journey. My mate and his brother followed me, and in thirty-two minutes I triumphantly arrived at my destination.

When any person is deprived of one of the senses, it is a constant surprise even to himself to see how many ways there are of supplying the want. It is no credit to be a coward, but it is reprehensible to be reckless for praise. With us, to prevent accident, great caution is necessary. This I have scrupulously cultivated. When crossing the streets alone I have certain rules to go by. To illustrate: If I am going east, and a team is coming west, when I arrive at the west end of the crossing I wait until they pass the east side. Then if they do not turn the corner I consider myself safe. Once when this rule was broken I had a narrow escape from a severe ac-

cident. I was going west on Thirteenth street, Crete, Neb. As I came to the east side of Main street I heard a team coming from the east, but knew I could get across the street before the team arrived if the driver wished to turn. But he was driving furiously. Instead of turning where he should, he whirled the team on me in the center of the street. I did not have much time to formulate a plan of action. I had a heavy grip in my hand which I threw back almost to the bank, and jumped on the end of the tongue to save myself. I rode one-fourth of a block before the driver could come to a halt.

My experience in shooting has not been very extensive, but I have stood at the house and put nine shots in a post five rods away.

In towns where I perambulate much it is necessary for merchants to keep their samples in the right place. One day I was walking rapidly down O street, Lincoln, Neb., when a box of tomatoes happened to be further out than it should have been. I hit it with my foot, and the result was that the tomatoes were scattered about the street, and I kissed the sidewalk.

Invariably when I lodge in a strange place my host lights a lamp for my benefit before stopping to think that I can see as well without. They often open their albums to show me their pictures, and point to objects in describing them to me.

When with my grandparents on the farm I drew most of the water for the stock and house, carried water to

the field hands, kept feed in the manger for the horses, loaded hay and grain, pulled weeds for the pigs, gathered the eggs, sawed most of the wood, did errands, and, in short, tried to make myself generally useful. I could find the stock easier in the corn than others could do, because I could hear them farther. In gathering plums, apples, and walnuts I always did my share of climbing to the tops of the trees to shake them off, but I never yet tried to climb a soaped pole or catch the greased pig, and they will not let my try to win the wheelbarrow race. Young folks often try to play friendly tricks on me, which I enjoy as much as they do. I generally find some way to get even with them. In playing love-in-the-dark, or any other secret partner-choosing game, I could usually select the girl I wanted by hearing her breathe. My playmates used to have hard times hiding from me in playing hide and seek, and they enjoyed having me try to catch them.

While the lack of sight leaves many openings for mirth, it also subjects us to some very unpleasant experiences. When walking along the highway with a friend it is extremely annoying to hear some one say, "There goes a blind man." It makes us feel as though we were conspicuously different from other people, or as though we were on exhibition. Such expressions come to us with a sound of unfeeling coldness. We often hear this upon meeting children, who do not know, but should be taught, that such conduct is rude. But the

remark often comes from grown people, who ought to know better if they do not. Ill-bred boys often throw things in our way to see us fall over them. Some try to misdirect us, to our disadvantage and their pleasure. While walking on the street one day a boy called to me saying, "There is a box in your way; turn to the right." I did so, and plunged into a coal hole. Some boys are even so rude as to run up and catch our feet, or clothing, and pick at us in various ways, which, if we have any temper, "tempers" us a little more. A boy in Nebraska City tampered with me in this manner for some time, until he irritated me to such a degree that I at last cracked a seasoned oak cane over his head to let a little sense in. He never bothered me any more. Ever after that he was one of my best friends and often spoke of that as the best lesson he ever received.

I have tried to clearly portray the life and experience of the blind in childhood and youth, to encourage my readers to gratefully appreciate and improve the blessings of sight.

I entered the Nebraska State Institution for the Blind, at Nebraska City, November 21, 1877, where I graduated June 8, 1886. Our class was the first one to graduate from this institution. It was composed of nine members—five young ladies and four gentlemen. Our class motto was, "From Possibility to Reality." Graduation day was one long to be remembered, as it ended a period of preparation for the active duties of life, and caused a sep-

aration from many pleasant associations. I was handicapped in my start by lack of finance to assist in opening my way in any business venture. In fact, I was some in debt when I left school. For this reason my business career has been somewhat varied. Thus I have been obliged to apply myself to miscellaneous ventures, and could not become thoroughly settled in any profession or permanent occupation. This book is the coveted goal which I have long worked for and hoped to reach. It may be profitable to the reader that financial reverses have delayed the completion of this work, as time and experience may add to its usefulness and completeness.

The first year after my graduation I gave some music lessons and entertainments, canvassed for books, and prospected considerably. I then for a time followed the real estate business, trading lands between eastern and western Nebraska, in which I was reasonably successful. I went over property in person, took notes in the point system, so that I could give as satisfactory a description as any one else could do. I conducted a refreshment stand at the Crete Chautauqua Assembly two seasons, 1887 and 1888.

One morning in August, 1888, I learned of a meeting of the citizens of Saline county in a grove near the center for the purpose of considering the extension of a railroad through that section, and I went to the place with a refreshment stand, from which I cleared the sum of \$18. In the autumns of 1888 and 1889 I handled apples

in barrels and carload lots successfully, and I enjoyed the work quite well. I did some collecting. In February, 1889, I made a three weeks' visit in Hastings, Neb. While passing my time in town a man asked me what I was doing. I replied, "Almost anything that is honorable." He asked, "Can you collect?" I replied, "There is nothing like trying." He then gave me \$46 worth of accounts, saying, "I will give you half of all you can get of this." The next evening I handed him \$34 of it. With surprise he handed me back \$17. In December, 1889, I prepared my first lecture entitled, "What Energy and Perseverance Can Accomplish."

Up to this time my health had been good, but in February, 1890, it began to fail, and I was not able to do much that season. In July of the same year it seemed necessary that I should have a change of climate.

CHAPTER II

MY TRIP TO THE PACIFIC COAST

My father and stepmother lived in Centralia, Wash., and an uncle and family in Chehalis, and I had many friends here and there on the Coast. I decided to spend a few months there. It has been ten years since I made this trip, and I have no notes to refresh my memory with, so I must write wholly from what I can recall. I make the effort, however, because my friends have prevailed on me to do so, thinking my book would not be complete without this record.

At noon, July 31, 1890, I left Dorchester, Neb., on a Burlington train for Lincoln, where I added considerably to my lunch supply which already consisted of a large gripful. I might as well say here that it all vanished, except a piece of cake and a piece of chicken, before I reached my destination, and these pieces were sent to my aunt. At 5:10 that evening I boarded what is known as the Union Pacific Overland Flyer, at Columbus, Neb. This road follows the Platte river for about three hundred miles. Until we reach Cheyenne there is vegetation with here and there a section of sandy country. From this point the country is covered with sage brush, sand, and alkali, and is rough and mountainous. There is only one green spot I can think of between Cheyenne and the Snake river, in Idaho, and that is crossing Green River valley.

High on the cliffs of the rocks between Huntington and Baker City, Ore., my companions saw written, "Take Tutt's Pills," while below it was written, "Then prepare to meet your God." I arrived in Portland Sunday morning, where I took a good warm breakfast. A little before noon I seated myself in a Northern Pacific train to complete my journey. We had not gone far when the whistle, by echo, announced to me that we were passing through heavy timber. At 2:00 P.M. we crossed the Columbia on a transfer boat and arrived in Chehalis at 4:30 P.M. No one knew of my coming, but I met two of my friends at the depot, who took me to my uncle's residence. You may be sure they were heartily surprised to see me walk in. After a few exchanges of welcome, and many inquiries, my uncle took me out for a little ramble, as he could not rest now until he led me into a large burnt hollow stump near his home, and showed me some logs that I could not reach the top of while standing at the sawed end. In a little while we returned to the house, where I found two other friends from New Aucum, two miles east, waiting for me, who had heard of my arrival through a man I had met on the train.

The next morning on the seven o'clock train I went to Centralia, four miles south, to visit my father, who lived in the edge of town close to the timber and near a saw-mill, where he was working. He was handling lumber at the edger when I came up. He could not leave his work until six o'clock that evening, so I put in the day visiting my stepmother and the children.

My father had a large fir tree cut nearly ready to fall, and finished it at noon for my benefit. It was new and awe-inspiring for me to hear its top limbs whistle through the air as it fell. The reader can imagine the terrible crash of the fall of a tree containing some twenty-five cords of wood or more*. It made the earth tremble as if the heavens were falling. It was 425 feet tall, for I measured it, so the top had to swing about six hundred feet. The trunk was nine feet four inches in diameter.

That evening as I was standing in the doorway I heard a roaring noise, and remarked to my step-mother that there was a storm approaching. She laughed and said, "I guess not, there are no storms in this country." She came out and listened, then told me it was the wind blowing in the tops of the trees, while below the air was perfectly calm. It makes a wierd and mournful noise, melancholy, and yet, to me, fascinating, as I listened to it afterward for hours at a time.

The next day we went berry picking, which was a very pleasant occupation. I found that blackberries, raspberries, blueberries, bearberries, salmonberries, and elderberries grow in abundance. In the Mississippi valley elderberries grow only on a bush; but there the bush becomes a tree sometimes eighteen inches in diameter and forty or fifty feet high, but the pith does not get much

*They estimated it at twenty-five cords; but a moment's reflection reminds me that it would seem to contain the enormous bulk of perhaps one hundred cords, as the trunks of these trees do not taper much. This one was nearly seven feet in diameter at 278 feet high.

larger than in the bush. I found that many of the trunks of the trees are covered all around with moss, while east of the Rocky mountains the moss only grows at the foot on the north side of the trees.

My father got some fresh halibut for supper, a dish which was new to me, and one I relished.

The next morning I returned to Chehalis. I knew my uncle was at work and so did not go to his house until noon, during which time I visited an old Nebraska friend who was a druggist, and leisurely "took in" that part of the town. While passing a fruit stand I decided to have some pears. In Nebraska we were used to getting one or two for a nickel; there I got thirteen. I sat down on the edge of the sidewalk, and before getting up I blew up the sack and cracked it, but my relish for pears was gone for a while.

I found summer weather there to be very delightful. It is generally calm and dry, temperature between 70° and 90°; the nights are cool, and people use the same amount of bedding for sleeping the year round. The atmosphere is soft and mild, being tempered by the ocean current. One blessing derived from the condition of the atmosphere is that flies are scarce. The dew falls extremely heavy every night during the summer, so that vegetation is well watered and kept growing.

One going from the central states to this place at this season of the year will be troubled with drowsiness for several weeks, wanting to sleep continuously.

At New Aucum I visited a shingle mill. The cedar log is cut into small blocks the length of a shingle. These are set in carriages so that the thickness of a shingle only is below the saw. There are levers at the ends of the carriage, to lower the ends, turn about, which shapes the shingle and keeps the grain of the block in line. The shingles drop into a room below, where the dressing and edging is done. They are then placed in a drying house, where they are well seasoned and packed.

At that season land owners were busy clearing land, or "slashing" as they termed it. So the air was filled with smoke, which was so dense that it often obscured the sun. The principal timber there is evergreen, such as fir and cedar and some yew. There is, however, a meager amount of other timber, such as three kinds of maple—hard, soft, and vine maple—and ash, oak, and alder. The only kind of nut found there is the hazel nut. The shell on it is very thick and hard. The hazel brush often grows two inches in diameter at the bottom and twenty feet high. In cutting fir timber they leave the stumps from ten to sixteen feet high, so it is necessary to build scaffolds to cut them down. At first I, like many others, wondered why they did that, but I soon discovered the reason without asking. The stumps are so full of pitch that they are of no account for lumber, and it is almost impossible to saw through them. In clearing fir land they often bore a large hole straight into the tree, then above that another hole is bored slanting to meet the

first. Then they place a cloth saturated with oil in the horizontal hole, set it afire, and in two or three weeks the trunk, roots, and branches are reduced to ashes. They say it is a magnificent sight to see the fire in the tops of the trees. The roots of the fir tree generally grow along the top of the ground, so a heavy wind would play havoc in fir timber. It is quite different from the cedar, the roots of which grow nearly straight down. For this reason it is difficult and tedious to clear cedar land.

The fir timber grows tall and comparatively slender. The tallest tree I ever heard of was five hundred and eighty-one feet. The tallest I measured was the one previously mentioned. The largest diameter of fir I heard of was nineteen feet. The largest one I measured was fifteen feet and seven inches. The fir bark is often found twelve inches thick, very hard, and burns similar to coal. I brought a piece home ten inches thick. I climbed over fifty-two logs to get to it. The fir wood is something like hard pine, though it is not very durable for lumber. Cedar, unlike the fir, grows comparatively low and with a large trunk. I measured one which was twenty-seven feet and four inches in diameter. It was hollow at the bottom. The hollow was equal in size to a large room. It showed signs of hunters lodging in it. This tree is only about three hundred feet in height. On the fir and cedar timber it is usually fifty to one hundred feet to the first limb. All the wood there is easily split because it is more straight-grained than timber in the East. I deem

the reason to be on account of its not being racked so much by the wind. I took up a growth, or sliver, on the end of a forty-two foot cedar rail and gradually pulled it off full length standing in my tracks.

The Union Pacific people were grading from Portland to Tacoma. It was wonderful to watch them blast out stumps. They would sometimes place sufficient powder under a large stump to send about one-fourth of it fifty feet in the air. I could not see them go up, but heard them fall.

One of the first things I noticed was that the nightfall is at least one hour later there than at home. I attribute the cause of this phenomenon to be the reflection of the sun on the western slope of the mountains. I have observed through witnesses, when in a valley running north and south between two high mountains, that in the morning the sun casts its first rays on the top of the western mountains from thirty minutes to an hour before it reaches the valley, and from one to two hours before this beautiful line of light climbs up the western slope of the eastern mountains to the top. In the evening this line of light gradually disappears from the top of the western mountain across the valley until it modestly retires from the top of the eastern mountains in exactly the same time it takes to shine away the morning twilight.

As soon as my friends on the Coast heard of my arrival I began to get pressing invitations, by mail, for a

visit. I planned a trip to Oregon first. Accordingly I arrived in Portland, my first stopping place, the evening of August 30. An intimate gentleman friend met me at the station and royally entertained me during my stay there. At that time Portland was a city of about 60,000 inhabitants. It is located on the Willamette river, near its mouth. All that especially attracted my attention was my visit to "Chinese Town" on Second street. It seemed to me like being in another country. In this section of the city there are a few first-class business houses. I must say, however, that most of it is not celebrated for its neatness.

Tuesday morning, September 2, I seated myself on the Southern Pacific train for Eugene City, Ore., one hundred and twenty-three miles south, up the Willamette valley. For about thirty miles the valley is comparatively narrow, covered with considerable timber, then it becomes "open" and about forty miles wide. It is well settled and cultivated and has not a great deal of timber, only on each side of the valley and the foothills. There is also considerable gravel and sandy ground. There were a number of Chinese in the car in which I was. There was a kind of odor about them which I imagine I can still smell.

I arrived at my destination at 2:00 P.M. and was accorded a hearty welcome by my friends. A young lady of the family was just ready to go with a party to pick hops, eight miles up the McKenzie river. She persuaded

me to accompany them. We reached the camp about five o'clock, pitched our tent, and the girls set us out a first-class supper, after which my friends and I took a two hours' ramble. We campers spent the remainder of the evening singing and having a general good time. The hop business is one of the leading industries of that country. The hop picking season is from two to four weeks long. The pickers are nearly all ladies. They pick by the box, which fills up quicker in the morning, while the dew is on, than at any other time, so they were out as early as they could see the next morning. Of course I took a hand in this, but I waited until the dew was off. I enjoyed this outing hugely. The next day was my birthday, and that was the first good trouncing ever given me by the ladies. They were too many for me. I could not prevail on my friend, Mr. Jones, to help me, so I was obliged to "take my medicine like a man." In the afternoon I returned to the city in company with my hostess, Mrs. Alley, who had come out the day before to see how we were getting along. Rev. Mr. Alley was unfortunately absent, so Mrs. Alley and the young folks made things pleasant for me until Monday, when I returned to Portland.

I stopped over night at Salem with Rev. Mr. Johnson, pastor of the First Christian church, who, together with his family, were other old Nebraska friends. He accompanied me to Portland for the purpose of securing the cooperation of Rev. David Wetsel in arranging a series of lectures for me in the valley.

I remained in Portland for several days, and while there I delivered a lecture in the First Christian Church under the auspices of Pastor Wetzel. I had a large, appreciative audience and was invited to come again.

During this stay I dined at a restaurant in Albina, a suburban town. I chose roast pork in my bill of fare. When I took the first bite I knew there was something wrong. It tasted like decayed fish and pork both. I thought there might be something wrong with my taster, so I took a second bite. Then I had to hunt the door very quickly, where what I had already eaten and I separated at once. The landlady rushed to me and asked what was the matter. When I told her she retreated to the kitchen without a word and sent the meat back to the butcher shop. She then returned to me and explained: "While it is a penitentiary offense, yet there are men who feed their hogs on dead fish that have drifted up on the shore of the Columbia, and that accounts for the flavor of the meat." I have taken all kinds of disagreeable medicines, but that was the worst dose I ever got.

The results of my lecturing tour over the valley were very gratifying both in profit and pleasure. I found that the majority of the people were old settlers. In the first years of their residence they had no marketing facilities for their products; consequently they had nothing to stimulate their progressive ambition. All they cared to do was make a living, which was easily done because all

their food and material for clothing grew luxuriantly, and there was plenty of game. When the railroads were constructed and progressive strides needed, their energy did not keep pace with the times; so they still remain the same easy-going people as before. They are styled by the newcomers, "moss-backs," which aptly describes them. I have actually seen apples lying six inches deep under the trees, as the people were too shiftless to pick them up. Their ragged looking farms and large, unfurnished and unfinished houses are fair exponents of their business management. Heavily mortgaged to hire money with which to build large houses, their farms and style of farming present about the same predicament that similar cases do in Nebraska and other states. Oregon is by no means the only state that has "moss-backs."

The harvesting machine standing in last year's wheat field, the separator by the last straw stack, the plow sticking in the last furrow, and the cultivator under the eaves behind the barn—that is the progressive style of farming which brings on some people hard times, for which curses are hurled at the administration. Am I mistaken in my views on this matter?

One evening in a hotel in Oakland, Ore., I paid the landlady for lodging and breakfast, with instructions to call me for breakfast in time to take an early morning train. She called me just seven minutes before train time. I dressed, ate breakfast, put three biscuits in my

pocket, and arrived at the depot just in time to board the train, but minus a pair of cuffs and valuable buttons.

In Oregon I found many old-fashioned fireplaces, which I enjoyed sitting by. There I met more old people, especially old maids, than in any section of the country I visited. One evening in Salem Rev. Johnson's son and I attended the Christian Endeavor meeting. There were twenty-five present, twenty-three of whom were old maids. Salem is a sleepy old town of about 14,000 inhabitants, but the pleasantest place so far as association is concerned that I have ever visited. They have an elegant park. On some of its trees the moss hangs in festoons about two feet long, which they would not have cut off for any money. I spent a pleasant week in Albany, Ore., with a blind man and his partner who were in the marble business. Mr. Egan, the blind man, was a model business man and very congenial and capable.

I returned to Washington for the winter the 7th of November. The rainy season had now begun in good earnest. East of the mountains the prevailing winds are from the south in summer and from the north in the winter. In western Washington it is just the opposite. The rains there are a little heavier than a mist. It sometimes rains continuously for a day or more at a time, but the sky is generally cloudy during the winter. I have noticed it dark and gloomy and raining, but in less than ten minutes it would be clear and pleasant, and probably in ten minutes more it would be as gloomy as

ever. During the winter which I spent there the thermometer always stood more than 20° above zero, but they say it sometimes drops to zero. They get all their ice there by artificial freezing. The snow sometimes falls to a depth of two or three feet, but melts quickly. The snowflakes are very large. In January there were three weeks of what I termed disagreeable weather. At night the snow would fall about eight inches deep, while through the day it rained just enough to make the snow a perfect slush. I came in every evening with wet feet.

As I said before, the wind does not blow hard there, but it is surprising how tight the south windows must be made to keep the rain from beating in. I found that people were not so particular in making the remainder of their houses air-tight as we are in Nebraska.

I delivered a lecture in a schoolhouse in New Aucum where the moon gave us light through the cracks.

The mud gets very deep, but it is not sticky. One day in Chehalis I tried to cross a little low place alone. I stumbled and fell prostrate, and the mud was just deep enough to cover me nicely. I was obliged to go to a merchant's house near by and borrow a suit of clothes to wear to my uncle's place.

New Year's morning my aunt wanted some radishes for dinner, which she knew was an uncommon dish for me to have at this season of the year. It was necessary to go to a gardener two miles distant to obtain them. My uncle said he would go if I would accompany him,

as he wished to show me some Washington mud. Being anxious for a new experience I accepted the invitation. He borrowed a pair of high-top rubber boots for me and we set out on our journey. I guess he must have taken me through all the mud he could find, as we got in almost waist-deep several times. It took us about two hours to go, but we returned home through the timber in thirty-five minutes.

The next morning my step-sister, her aunt, and I went to Centralia on the seven o'clock train. By that time my father had moved a mile and a half from the depot. It was raining when we arrived, so we secured a delivery wagon to convey us to my father's place. Centralia is located near the Chehalis river on a strip of open gravel land. On the opposite side of the river from where my father lived is heavy timber, and the road from the river to his place is a real rail road, made of rails laid cross-ways, sometimes called corduroy. Just before we got to my father's, there were a few rails broken out, leaving a hole which the driver did not see. The ladies and I were sitting on a high seat in front, so when the front wheels plunged into the hole we were dumped into the water and mud "head and heels." You may imagine what a pretty looking sight we were.

The strongest wind I experienced there was on Christmas morning, when it blew about twenty-five miles an hour, which would only be an ordinary breeze for Nebraska. Nevertheless, it blew three large trees down

near my father's house. They fell about the same time. and the crash was something awful. I thought my time had surely come.

There is scarcely any thunder and lightning there.

In the middle of November I visited the Puget Sound country. My first stop was at Puyallup, where I had some more old Nebraska friends. Puyallup valley is a hop-raising district. The soil is rich and sandy. Tacoma and Seattle are the principal cities in this part of the state. Tacoma is situated on a side-hill with a population of about 40,000. It seemed to have spent its progressive force; hence I did not notice any over-exertion in thrift, though its population is composed of an open-hearted, frank, sociable class of people. They are hard on the Chinese, however. Ask any Chinaman in Oregon why he don't go to Tacoma and he says, "Me-a-no-a-like-a-Tacoma, and-a Tacoma no-a like-a Chinaman." I could not find one in the city.

Seattle lies in a kind of scoop-shovel shaped location. with the flat end fronting Puget Sound. Its population at that time was about the same as Tacoma. About a year previous to my visit Seattle was very nearly wiped out of existence by a fire, but had been rebuilt, and the city was growing rapidly. I have never witnessed such a demonstration of thrift on so small an area as I found there. The people in western Washington were mostly new settlers, full of energy and push, so that wherever I went I could hear the hum of

planing and saw-mills, the sound of hammers, the grating of trowels, and busy bustling everywhere in rain or shine. The railroad yards in Seattle are built over the edge of the Sound, on piling. I treated myself to several boat rides on the Sound, which were very pleasant. One day I visited Olympia. While it is the capital of the state, yet it reminded me of an Oregon town, rather on the sleepy order. Its population was about 5,000. It is located on the Sound and on the end of a forty-mile narrow strip of "open country," which we call prairie in Nebraska. Most of the land in this strip is gravel and sandy.

I returned to Chehalis about the middle of December. This is the county seat of Lewis county. Its population then was about 1,800. It is situated on the Chehalis river and surrounded by timber. In this country the soil is very rich for the most part; vegetables grow luxuriantly and to an enormous size. I saw a rutabaga that weighed thirty-three pounds, a cabbage head that weighed forty-one pounds, and an onion that weighed four pounds. Wheat makes from forty to sixty bushels per acre and oats from sixty to eighty bushels. These are facts, not advertising exaggerations. They cannot raise corn, as the nights are too cold. The natural grass is timothy and white clover. Saint Patrick must have visited that country, as the only reptile there is an occasional small, insignificant garter snake; but the good Saint did not complete his work, for he left the frogs.

You may imagine my surprise when I stepped out one evening in the latter part of January and heard the frogs croaking. It reminded me of a May evening in Nebraska. Sunday, February 8, my uncle and I spent the forenoon sitting on the porch with our coats off, while a furious blizzard was raging in Nebraska.

One afternoon we cut enough wood to last us three months. We were in the habit of spending our evenings by the fireside playing dominoes. This evening my uncle went to town for some provisions, so it fell to my lot to build the fire for the evening. There was considerable pitch in the wood we had cut that day, so I picked for some pitchy sticks to see how they would burn. Not having had any experience in that line I lit the fire, threw the drafts wide open, and went out to feed the chickens. In about three minutes my aunt came rushing out screaming, "Oh, Willie, come in, quick; the fire in the heating stove is getting the advantage of me." I ran to her rescue. I found the heat so intense that it was even difficult for me to get near enough to the stove to close the drafts and open the stove door with a broom handle. I then told my aunt what I had done, and after the scare was over they laughed at my experimenting. I was rather careful after that how I used pitch wood. To hasten my narrative, I passed the winter pleasantly under my uncle's hospitable roof.

The rainy season began to abate about the middle of March, and crops were planted. The surface of the soil

for several inches in depth thoroughly dries out by the middle of July, but this does not affect the growth of vegetation much, as it is nearly all matured by that time, and the growth of what is not is assisted by the moist atmosphere. In my opinion it *does* affect the condition of large fruits, especially apples. They are not as juicy and tartish as those in the East, but mealy and dry; they grow, however, to a good size. I saw gloria-mundi apples in Oregon fully five inches in diameter. I was very favorably impressed with that country, though, like all others, it has its drawbacks.

I am satisfied that capital there could develop unlimited resources. Probably no state in the Union possesses such vast and varied resources as Washington, the development of which is as yet in its infancy. As an agricultural state it is without a superior, and hundreds of thousands of acres of fertile lands await occupation and cultivation, much of which can be acquired under the United States Homestead Act, and more by purchase from the Northern Pacific railway company. The bunch grass plains afford extensive pasture grounds for unlimited herds of cattle and sheep.

The mineral resources of the state are almost boundless, and nearly every known mineral is to be found within its boundaries. Coal of excellent qualities is found in many localities. In the northeastern part are a number of silver, gold, and lead mines, many of which are of great value, and in the near future are destined

to add greatly to its wealth. Salmon abound in the rivers and bays on the western coast, and hundreds of men are engaged in the fishing industry.

I fully regained my health and decided to return home by way of St. Paul and Chicago, where I had some business interests. They took me over the Northern Pacific to St. Paul. Accordingly July 27, 1891, I left Chehalis, stopping a day at Puyallup. It is only about fifty miles to the Cascade mountains from this point. Here we passed through one of the longest tunnels in the world.

After crossing this range of mountains it is mostly rolling prairie land to the eastern edge of Washington. It is productive soil, but irrigation is necessary. To my notion the finest mountain scenery on the trip is where we passed around Lake Pend Oreill, just west of Hope, Idaho. It seemed as though a person could fish from one side of the car and touch a high perpendicular wall of rock from the other. The lake is surrounded by high rocky mountains, with little rivulets here and there running down through the ravines, or canyons. At the edge of these little streams are flowers and green grass, which made it look quite picturesque and beautiful. I will not attempt to tell you how many times we crossed the Missouri river in Montana. We did not climb any range of mountains after we left the Cascades until just west of Helena, but wound around among them. We crossed a bridge near Missoula one hundred and thirty-one feet high. It required three engines to pull our

train up the west side of the range at Helena. I had been stopping off and running about on the road so much that I was completely worn out and so laid over a day at Helena to recuperate.

This is a lively, sporty city, where miners and cowboys meet. The next day I resumed my journey. At Bozeman, Mont., our faithful engines pulled us over the last range of mountains and down into the beautiful Yellowstone valley. We wound around the Yellowstone for about five hundred miles. The next thing on the trip that particularly attracted my attention was the Bad Lands in western North Dakota, on which there is no vegetation. The land looks like mortar, and is dotted here and there with huge mounds.

I spent two weeks in Minnesota visiting a few of my childhood scenes, and arrived at my Nebraska home August 25, 1891, where I received a hearty welcome. I derived much pleasure from my trip and felt well repaid for the time and money spent.

As a result of my trip to the Coast I was badly in debt, but my restored health gave me courage to start anew. After strenuous efforts I induced a party to advance me capital to work with, so I handled fruit and potatoes in carload lots, and have followed the business of commission merchant more or less to the present time, adding brooms, eggs, butter, etc., to the list. I placed hotel and visiting registers for a long time. Every other leaf of these registers is a blotter. I solicited advertising matter

to print on these blotters, then gave the hotel or the organization the register. I have also followed the work of cleaning and repairing organs extensively.

During the first three years after my return from the Coast I was very prosperous in these various business pursuits, chiefly the commission work, so that I paid off all my debts of the trip to the mountains. In the fall of 1895 I wrote and published a small pamphlet, entitled, "We Seek, We Fight, We Win," for experimental purposes. It proved to be a success beyond expectation. After I had got the sale of it under good headway my plates were destroyed in a fire. I wished to stop the circulation on account of this contemplated book, so did not have the plates reset.

I have traveled considerably as a salesman while in the commission business. I could make as many towns and as many sales in a day as any of my brother traveling men. They invariably treated me as one of their number, and the merchants always gave me a good patronage and a hearty welcome at each visit. One day I made seven towns and sold seventy-six dozen brooms. Some of the merchants used to give me orders to see me write them down in point writing. So you see there is a little pleasure connected with my business. I have often called on a merchant and, finding him and the clerks busy and customers waiting, and being well acquainted with the store, I have taken off my coat and gone behind the counter, acting the part of a retailer as well as a wholesaler.

I conducted a flour, feed, and exchange store at Friend, Neb., nine months. On a larger scale I might have made a success of it, but this business not being remunerative enough to furnish employment for more than one man, I could not handle it with any degree of satisfaction on account of not being able to do the weighing.

I was married to Miss Ella Bartling, of Lane, Kan., in Lincoln, Neb., October 20, 1897. She proved to be a devoted, true, and faithful companion, giving her whole heart and soul and body to the work of making home the most pleasant place in the world. In this she was preeminently successful. February 21, 1899, there was born to us a baby boy, who brought additional responsibilities and tenderness into our happy home.

June 18, 1901, the river of death once more flowed at my feet, and carried my faithful Ella in triumph to the heavenly shore, leaving baby and me to mourn a loss that God alone could impart words to explain and strength to endure. Is it Providence or fate that permits me to get only a little taste of the good things of life? First, deprived of mother's tender love and care at so early an age, and, second, only three years and eight months' companionship with one who, for the time, completely obliterated the loneliness in my life and was both physical and spiritual eyes to me.

I miss you, dear, when I come home,
For now I have no place like home.
"There comes Papa," you used to say,
Your gentle voice so kind, so gay;
I miss your loving, fond caress,
For now beneath the sod you rest.
You've gone to sit before God's throne,
For God you served abroad at home.

CHAPTER III

WHAT I SAW IN WIND CAVE

I had heard much about Wind Cave in the Black Hills, and my curiosity was aroused. I was seized with an enthusiastic desire to be the first blind man to make an exploit of that kind. Accordingly about noon, May 20, 1894, I started on a trip from Lincoln to visit the famous Wind Cave of South Dakota. I will try to give you some of my impressions of the journey and tell you, not exactly what I saw, but what I seemed to see in that marvelous group of underground caverns and precipices. Reclining in a comfortable chair in one of the splendid and substantial palace cars of the great Burlington Route I felt myself gently gliding over the plains and valleys of the new Northwest, the description of which fairly charmed me and made me wish that I might look upon them myself. Besides the extent and variety of the territory passed through, the first interesting point I noted was the tunnel through Pine Ridge. A tunnel in Nebraska may be a novelty and a surprise to some, but it is there nevertheless, and about a quarter of a mile in length. Nebraska is supposed by many to be a vast treeless prairie, but, thanks to Arbor Day and the industry and enterprise of the people, she is so no longer, but is dotted over with many beautiful groves and promising orchards. Pine Ridge was so named from the

natural pine forests that cover and grace its elevated uplands.

The second point of interest was Crow Butte. Among the legends of the red men there is a tradition that here the cruel and treacherous Sioux buried their ancient enemies, the Crows, whom they slew in a great battle. If the legend is true, the Crows certainly have the largest and most imposing monument on this continent.

My journey of five hundred miles was a very pleasant one, thanks to modern conveniences of railway travel, the best of which are to be found on this road. I was met at Hot Springs by Messrs. Stabler and McDonald, then the genial and obliging proprietors of the cave (which now belongs to the government), who took me there in their carriage, passing northward through eleven miles of scenery, which from their description is both romantic and beautiful. Arriving at the cave hotel we partook of a dinner that was a credit to the landlord, Mr. Paulson, and very satisfactory to ourselves. Here a short historical sketch of the discovery and exploration of this wonderful cave may be interesting. It was discovered by a hunter in the year 1881 and was named Wind Cave from the fact that currents of air were observed to enter and emerge at its openings, thus giving it the appearance of breathing. These currents, both outward and inward, also in their volume and force, are governed by the atmospheric conditions at the entrance. The original opening was an oval shaped hole

eight by thirty inches, which was soon after enlarged to eighteen by thirty inches. Nothing further in the way of development was done until the spring of 1890, when the entrance was further enlarged by blasting out the solid rock. Since that date extensive explorations have been made, until there have been found twenty-five hundred subterranean chambers of various sizes and shapes, and ninety-seven miles of passages. Twenty-five thousand dollars have been expended on inside improvements, making this the finest and most easily traveled underground wonder in the known world.

Accompanied by L. W. Marble, the gentlemanly photographer of the cave's wierd and beautiful interior, I bade adieu to the glorious light and warmth of the May sun in Dakota and entered the cave. To begin with, we were obliged to descend a winding wooden stairway of a hundred and fifty-five steps, seventy-five of which were groped in darkness owing to the fact that the force of the current would extinguish any light we might have. Then, strange to say, the current had spent its force sufficiently so that candles were lighted by my companion, who led the way and I followed, guided by his foot-falls and with the help of my cane. I gained an accurate knowledge of the dimensions and shapes of the various rooms and passages by clapping my hands and listening intently for the echo. In this way I could judge very nearly the distances from which the returning sounds proceeded. I got an idea of the different forma-

tions by the sense of touch. From the bottom of the staircase we went through a declining passageway, descended another stairway, and continued going downward until I made up my mind that this was the route Jules Verne must have taken in his famous journey to the center of the earth. Passing the openings of many passages leading in almost every conceivable direction, some of which I was told are several miles in length, others simply alcoves, we at last reached the interior, five hundred feet below the entrance, which itself is in the bottom of a deep gulch. Here we paused to examine the wonders which surrounded us. The mercury registered 45° , which is the average temperature of the cave. I requested my guide to describe what he saw, and to my mind his description presented a scene of wierd, grotesque, and fantastic beauty that I have never anywhere else experienced. Not a sound broke the stillness of that vast mystic solitude, and a sense of being buried alive deep in the recesses of the earth was ever present. Mammoth chambers were all around us, with white walls of gypsum rock and terraces and banks like snowdrifts. Myriads of glittering stalagmites and stalactites adorned the floor and roof and sparkled like diamonds in the candle-light. Dark and impenetrable recesses yawned above and below us. If you have a fancy for the supernatural you would only need a little more imagination than I had to see all the forms that are supposed to inhabit the fairy lands. I proceeded to measure some of

the vast depths by throwing pebbles into them, and I perceived that they ranged from twenty to thirty and even over one hundred feet in depth. A few points of interest along our onward march are as follows: Bridal Chamber was the first room in the cave as we entered. It is small and not remarkable in formation and shape. There is a room called Post-office, where we found a beautiful box-work formation that is not met with in any other part of the world that I know of. These boxes are of various shapes and colors and are extremely beautiful. Many visitors have left their cards in these boxes and I added mine to the number. The Snowball Chamber was so named from the white flakes and balls clinging to a dark background of rock. The Queen's Drawing Room is adorned with ribbon stalactites and is a chamber of unrivaled splendor.

Prairie dogs are very scarce in this place now, yet they seem to have once had a colony here. There is one of them left to tell the story. He has turned to stone, however, and can be seen sitting by the side of his hole ready to jump in if he could. There is a place called Turtle Pass, where a monstrous turtle reposes in a perfect state of petrification in our path. Another wierd place that never fails to attract the attention of tourists is the Devil's Lookout. From the bottom to the top of this room is about eighty feet. There is a gallery near the top of this, the most quaint of cavities, where one can almost imagine Mephisto perched with horns and flaming eyes,

gleaming among the rugged rocky projections that form the horrible ornaments on all sides. No doubt the discoverer of this hideous chamber named it on the impulse of the moment—as appropriate a name as could be invented.

Perhaps among the most noted places of interest is Capitol Hall, which is an auditorium large enough to seat the combined legislatures of several states. The amphitheatre is somewhat smaller than the far-famed Roman Coliseum, yet a goodly sized place in comparison with many of our modern assembly halls.

The Methodist Church, with a vast upward shaft for a steeple and room sufficient to seat any of our ordinary congregations, is an oblong room eighty feet in length and forty feet wide, and has an eternal spring, which is a sort of sweet comfort to the exploring and awe-stricken visitor.

At the cross-roads where one route leads to the Fair Grounds, another to the Pearly Gates, and the other to the Garden of Eden, we chose the route of the latter, and on our way passed the stone quarry and reached the Fallen Flats. These Flats are distant from the entrance about a mile and a half, and in appearance somewhat resemble a dining room with low rock tables. Seats, however, are rather shy, but some people do not care for high seats (Turks for instance), and they can find ample accommodations on the floor.

About that time I had an inkling of an idea that I

could have enjoyed a meal as well in this natural substitute as if in the dining room of the Palmer House. I made known to the guide that I was undoubtedly becoming fatigued, and suggested that we should return. But I make a frank admission that the terrible thought of prowling around down in the womb of the earth, almost two miles from the balmy rays of Old Sol, in the home of dark stillness itself, was a sickening thought that made my limbs tremble with fear. The unnatural stillness, where each footfall reverberated through dark, unexplored passages, seemed to mock and lure us on to some unimaginable destiny. Accordingly, we retraced our steps up steep inclines, through winding passages, frequently low and narrow, until we at length once more breathed the free air of the open country.

The next day after dinner, feeling that the grand yet awful trip still had a peculiar fascination for me, and being anxious to increase my store of knowledge, I again entered the vast chamber of night, our company being reinforced by Messrs. McDonald and Paulson, as well as Mr. Marble. We again wended our precipitous way to the cross-roads, where this time we chose the route to the Fair Grounds, being informed by my guides that this route would give me the best idea of the cave as a whole, but that it would be a difficult trip for me, as the path had not yet been prepared for visitors.

The first place worthy of special notice was the locality known by the peculiar title of Irish Misery. As

this was once just a little hole something over a foot square where the traveler was obliged to climb over and through ragged edges of rock if he wished to get any further, it must have been misery to others as well as to our Irish fellow citizens. Now, fortunately for me, the rock had been blasted out, and the entrance is easy providing you remember the rules of good breeding and make a French bow to the unseen divinities presiding in that department. It is here that Mr. Marble, on his first visit to the cave, was stricken with fear and refused to make a further investigation, disregarding the fact that he was on a photographing tour, and valuing self-preservation more highly than views. Before the rock was blasted out the place was called Marble's Retreat. I owe this narrative to the guide, who wholly ignored the chagrin of my friend and told the facts of the affair. Our course was no longer on a level. We began a gradual ascent, calling on our way at Milton's Study and passing the Arch of Politeness, where bowing is again in fashion. Here we were favored with an introduction to Piper's Pig, which, by the way, is as elegant a reproduction of his swineship as Raphael could paint, although this is the first time in history that a pig ever volunteered to undergo the process of petrification as a living monument to perpetuate the memory of his race. Wicklow Hills are also represented here, and they are as blue as their famous mountain namesakes. The name is derived from the blue box-work covering the walls of the

room. The Chamber of Bells, now called Kimball's Hall, is perhaps the most interesting wonder of wonders on this trip. Here we found the finest box-work we had yet seen. The boxes are of a crystalline formation, ranging from one to ten feet in height and from six to ten inches in width, the sides being about one-fourth of an inch thick, covered with diamond-like crystals. A peculiarity of them is that when tapping on them they produce a metallic sound like the ringing of bells. Mr. McDonald chimed "Yankee Doodle" on them for our special benefit. Concert Hall is a room about forty to sixty feet in width and thirty to forty feet in height. Workmen had been leveling the floor and otherwise improving it as an assembly hall for novelty meetings of visitors.

From this place we proceeded to climb Alpine Way, which is a shaft from four to six feet square, fifty to one hundred and sixty feet in length, and very nearly perpendicular. We soon reached the first landing, where we were obliged to turn in the opposite direction and cross over by stepping on projections on either side, as there was no bottom. This was a trifle blood-curdling, but the only possible way over. We soon reached the Ticket Office, which is a small room and takes its name from its nearness and convenience to the Fair Grounds, just twenty feet above. Here we found a large hollow rock called the bass drum, on which we beat music with our feet. Again our photographer, Mr. Marble, bent on further explorations, discovered an opening under this rocky drum,

and in order to test its depth dropped down a stone. Much to our surprise we could hear the stone bounding from one side to the other until the sound became less and less audible, finally going beyond the reach of the human ear. He did not relish the thought of abiding over a cavity whose depths were fathomless and rather excitedly returned to the party, no wiser, yet somewhat paler.

The Fair Grounds, arranged in the shape of a mammoth star, occupy a space of about three acres, varying from five to eighty feet to the ceiling. Its walls are covered with a peculiar frost work of snowy whiteness, but upon touching this crispy formation we found that it was quite delicate and readily crumbled to dust.

These grounds are about four and one-half miles from the entrance, and as it was then about four o'clock we started on our return, making but few halts on our way, one of which was at the Amphitheatre, where I made a short speech for the benefit of my friends. I cannot say that I admire the acoustic properties of this cave; in fact the effect of the whole cave is to deaden and smother the voice. A shout in the distant passages soon diminishes to faintness and ceases to be audible, but a stroke on the wall may be heard to its remotest corner. Mr. Paulson left us upon entering, and went in search of specimens. We could hear him plucking specimens from the walls fully two miles from us; therefore, if one were lost in this underground labyrinth, he could easily be lo-

cated by remaining in one place and continuing to smite the wall. We arrived at the hotel after an absence of about five hours, and I was very much elated over the success of my trip, as I can claim the honor of being the first blind man who ever explored the recesses of Wind Cave.

A detailed description of this cave would occupy more space than I have at my disposal, yet I will endeavor to give you a few of its general features briefly. Take a sponge, say the size of a bushel basket, expand it to a block five miles long, two miles wide, and five hundred feet thick, without adding anything to the material, and you will have my idea of the cave's general form and structure. It seems to run in three crevices of the rocks and is in eight tiers of chambers, one above the other, in each of which the formations differ.

In the upper tier delicate frost work and coarse water formations prevail. In the middle tiers rock-coral and dainty box-work mainly are found. In the lower and last tiers the formations are finer, box-work being the leading variety, and another whose appearance suggests its name, pop corn. There is but one living creature in the deep recesses of the cave, and that is a small species of our house fly. Near the entrance there are a few mountain rats making their home. There is but one pool of water known, which is between the Fallen Flats and the Garden of Eden. It is about fifteen feet square and in the deepest place about eighteen inches deep.

This body of water was once clear and pure, but, owing to the visitors and guides holding their torches and candles over it, it has become discolored. A peculiar fact is that the only dampness existing in the cave is between this pool and the entrance. In fact, other caves are possessed of damp walls throughout. Beyond the pool, however, in this cave, the walls are dry as powder.

I was highly pleased with my experience on this trip and consider the cave well worthy of a visit from any one who wishes to see the beauties of nature in our own land.

There are seven wonders in the world, and if my amendment could be accepted there would be one more, and that is Wind Cave, which I consider the greatest of wonders.

In South Dakota there are many beautiful scenes, none of which are more instructive than in this vicinity.

I was told that one of the most pleasing attractions in the Black Hills is Sylvan lake, which is in one of the remote nooks in the Hills, and is a rarely beautiful place and in the course of time will attract the footsteps of all nations.

No railroad has yet intruded upon the calm seclusion of Sylvan lake. A comfortable four-horse stage coach meets the two daily passenger trains at Custer. The road leads out among the low hills and increases in height as the way progresses. Suddenly, after winding about for six miles, the road turns sharply to the right,

where some pretty cottages stand, descends a steepish little declivity, and reveals a small, cold, clear lake beyond. On the trip the traveler's ears are pleasantly entertained by the music of the low-murmuring mountain streams and gushing springs, while the eyes feast on the scene of romantic beauty.

The Needles and Sylvan lake, near Custer City, and Hot Springs are worthy of a visit, if only to see them.

CHAPTER IV

THE DARKEST SIDE

By this time my readers ought to be slightly acquainted with me, as I have thoroughly introduced myself. Of my own experience I have not yet run down, but if I do not stop to take my breath you will begin to think I am wound up indefinitely, or that I have at last solved the great problem of perpetual motion. I realize that a blind person's life, his avenues of pleasure, and his habits must necessarily be widely different from those who can see. Hence I have devoted my energies in the three preceding chapters in an endeavor to give you a clear idea of the difference, using my own life as a model. You will notice I have taken particular pains to show the gradual development of mind from infancy. I am trying to clearly explain our peculiar but natural methods of acquiring knowledge. Trusting that this will suggest to you additional ways and means, I will now turn my attention to the consideration of the pith of my theme.

It is my purpose to bring you face to face with the darkest side of life and to show you how, by persistent effort, light may penetrate even there. Let us first apply ourselves to an investigation of the many inconveniences endured by people in their various afflictions. When man was created he was given five senses to aid

him in controlling his actions and to guide and protect his person; they are seeing, hearing, smelling, feeling, and tasting, each of which is essential to the entire comfort of man and is an indescribable convenience to him. In order that the reader may form at least a partial conception of this statement it will be necessary to investigate the function of each faculty mentioned. We cannot do this more clearly than to present a practical demonstration of each one separately. You will first, therefore, try to imagine yourself in my condition—a person blind—then you will appreciate, though in a very small degree, how great the calamity with which nature has afflicted one of its creatures. You will try to conceive that there is no such thing as light and that day is a continued night.

I have traversed our continent from sea to sea, over mountain, plain, and valley. I have visited many points of great beauty throughout our fair land, and though Niagara has fallen at my feet I can form no true idea of its grandeur. I have heard with pleasure the warbling of the nightingale, the mimicry of the mocking-bird, the songs of the canary and robin, yet I have never been able to see their plumage nor their beautiful feathered forms. I have been told the beautiful story of nature in the richest poetry penned by man; of the sun and the moon with their eclipses; the beautiful stars, which I am told shine with the dazzling brilliancy of the rarest diamonds in a royal diadem; yet I am not priv-

ileged to enjoy or realize any of these sublimities. I am told that the earth is bedecked with flowers of the richest hue of every conception possible. That in the three great kingdoms, animal, vegetable, and mineral, beauty abounds which can be seen and enjoyed only by those possessed of sight. I am also told of the starry heavens whose vastness and resplendent grandeur exhibit the glorious work of the Great Architect, august in appearance and richer by far in sublimity than the little planet which we inhabit, which is so varied in manifestations of construction and operation, and is refulgent in demonstration of the glories of light, of grand symmetry in construction, and exemplification of adaptation to the varied demands of human existence. Yet all this is Egyptian darkness to me. I have often thought what a comfort it must be to one to be able to behold the beauties of nature resulting from her artistic labors, such as the flowers of earth in their many-hued brightness, the lofty, snow-capped mountains that lift their majestic heads into the azure dome above, and the vast forest clothed with verdure and bloom. I have also thought of our great cities thronged with all phases of human life, abounding in broad parks and beautiful gardens, rich with the products of scientific and artistic skill, and longed to look upon these displays of loveliness. Well, I can see them, too, only with eyes of a different kind.

I have thought again of the advantage of being able to read the literature which treats on all conceivable sub-

jects and which communicates to the reader the thoughts and feelings of others; of the daily newspaper which contains the record of transpiring events. Yet one in my condition ~~must~~ employ others' eyes to read their record or else remain ignorant of his surroundings. While we are not wholly deprived of reading for ourselves, yet it is quite a tedious task, as we are obliged to trace every line with our fingers; then, too, our literature is so expensive and bulky. For instance, the Bible, previous to the reduction made by the American Bible Society, cost \$28. A copy of the Bible in raised print consists of sixteen separately bound volumes, each of which is from two and a half to three inches in thickness and fifteen by eighteen inches in length and breadth. Hence you can readily see we could not conveniently carry it about with us in our pockets.

Now, may I fondly hope that by presenting this brief contrast between the blind and the seeing I have possibly enabled someone to feel thankful to Almighty God for the blessings of sight and to be more than ever ready to do good unto all men. Though I am unfortunate in the world, and notwithstanding that it is darkness to me, yet I, with many of my unfortunate brothers and sisters, look forward to a better land than this, where there are no such obstacles to encounter, where we will stand on an equality. There we, too, shall see the glittering streets and the bright and shining lights of the New Jerusalem. There we will behold the radiant bright-

ness of our Creator and enjoy his presence during the ceaseless ages of eternity. Will not this experience of such unbounded joy and such eternal bliss well repay us for the inconvenience of being deprived of these many privileges and enjoyments for a few short years? We must, like Job of old, with patience wait and trust God in the dark, as best we can, so that when we are called hence we may, like Paul, truly say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all who love his appearing."

Speaking of deafness I cannot tell you anything from personal experience; yet I am satisfied from observation that it must be a serious affliction for the reason that by a destruction of the sense of hearing some of the most important factors in the progress of civilization would be rendered useless and commerce would be materially undeveloped. Whistles could not call us to our work; neither would the telephone carry our thoughts from one point to another, and the telegraph would be more difficult to operate. While the messages are sent by the sense of feeling, a message is received by the hearing sense; and to operate both ends of the wire satisfactorily all three of these senses, seeing, hearing, and feeling, are essential. The time-honored gong, to the gentle tap of which we so unreluctantly march three times a day from

labor to refreshment, is a part of life's music that no one could well afford to do without. Without the sense of hearing, neither would the bells in the spires of the edifices erected for divine worship peal forth the welcome invitations to a seat within their walls, upon appointed times, for the worship of Almighty God and the rendering of song and praise to His most holy name. Music, sweet music, that charms the world, that comforts the soul; music that makes the sorrowful glad, with all its virtues and with all its attractions, would vanish into utter oblivion were it not for the sense of hearing.

Stop your ears effectually as you may, you will still hear the circulation of your own blood. So it would be impossible to bring you to a full realization of what the loss of this sense really is. One day while communicating with a mute by writing, at Fairfield, Neb., I inquired as to his feelings in regard to his life without hearing. He replied as follows: "This world has few pleasures for me. I feel that I am but a walking shadow among men. Seeing the moving of their lips but hearing no sound therefrom makes me feel sad and lonely. I see the lightning flash, but hear no thunder. Cannons may roar around me, thundering trains dash by me, and all nature may be in one tumultuous uproar, yet all is silent to me. And the only way I can know of such commotion is by realizing the disturbance in the atmosphere." Still he was inspired by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit and "looking for that blessed hope and the glorious ap-

pearing of the Great God and our Savior, Jesus Christ."

Our sensitive being is composed of one massive network of nerves. Each and every one originates in the brain, and the sense of touch is to every individual nerve as the telegraph instrument is to the system of telegraphy. A physician very often, if not always, would be at a loss to diagnose the disease of his patient were he deprived of the sense of touch. There are many of the eruptive diseases that can be readily recognized by the sense of touch. So absolutely positive are specialists of diseases of the skin that many assert that if they were blindfolded they could tell intelligently what manner of difficulty they have in their hands. But, aside from eruptive diseases, the surface and the application of the trained hand thereto plays a great part in the matter under discussion of clinical diagnosis, that otherwise could not be decided.

The surgeon would be at a great loss to be deprived of the sense of touch in treating the various injuries sustained in different parts of the human frame. Fractures would become deformities, resulting frequently in the total loss of the part, so far as its use is concerned.

Dislocations would remain as such, unless adjusted by mere accident by the sufferer himself. Dislocation remaining as such results in ankylosed or stiffened joint, thereby rendering the sufferer frequently incapacitated for locomotion.

Apply this matter more directly to every-day life; that

would perhaps meet every individual case. We will notice the care of our own persons. The good housewife, in looking after the daily wants of her household, could not well afford to be deprived of her sense of touch. She is not satisfied as to what the outcome of a loaf of bread will be unless she has thoroughly acquainted herself with the touch of every particle of material contained in the loaf. Neither would she be willing to risk her judgment as to the texture of the pie-crust unless she was thoroughly satisfied by her own touch that there was a perfect mixture of the ingredients of which the crust is composed. In the care of our own bodies the sense of touch figures very largely. It is a matter of no little importance to be enabled by this sense to extract foreign bodies from the superficial parts of the flesh, which have gained entrance thereto by direct violence. In many instances where apparently trivial injuries are received, were it not for the sensitiveness of the individual bearing the injury to shrink from the discomfort added by the pain produced by the trivial intruder, of whatever character it might be, decomposition of the part might ensue, and as a result blood-poisoning would follow, and not infrequently would it result in a total loss of the part. Last, but by no means least, we would be at a great loss relative to the cleanliness of our own persons, were this sense dormant or undeveloped. The bath which we so much enjoy would be from point of excellence as two sheets of sand-paper coming together with gradual friction produced one

with the other. One could realize that the process was in actual operation, but could not in any wise experience any virtue originating therefrom. Sometime when your hand or foot is what we term asleep, try to imagine your whole body in that condition; then you will have some idea of your existence without the sense of touch.

While the sense of smell is to a certain extent a luxury, it is to many an absolute necessity. It is a source of great pleasure to me; and by it I am able to tell the different kinds of vegetation and enjoy the sweet odor of flowers, though I cannot behold their beauty. I have been enabled to distinguish the different grain fields from train windows and count their number. By the sense of smell I can often designate my exact location and surroundings. By it I can tell the different places of business. The hungry pedestrian can by this sense designate the point which in his mind is the proper place to refresh himself.

The business of the horticulturist would indeed become an irksome duty to him were he deprived of the sense of smell. Notwithstanding the immensity of the pleasure in beholding the variegated colors and hues of the foliage and the upward growth of that part of vegetation which to him is more than all the rest of the world, the loss of this one sense would cause it all to be a barren waste to him, so far as the full appreciation of his work or the pleasure connected therewith was concerned. Without this sense of detection the farmer

would at times suffer a great loss, as by it he is enabled, when walking to his granaries, to notice the condition of the grain stored therein. If from any cause the grain is heating or moulding, he will know it by the smell and will use means to save it. And when passing through his barns and yards, by this sense he may distinguish anything of an obnoxious character. Diseases among the horses, cattle, and sheep may frequently be detected by the sense of smell. For instance, distemper, over-feeding, and foot disease are thus readily discovered by the thoughtful farmer. Also in the hen house, not only the polecat but even the bedbug is soon detected in this way.

According to one author the sense of taste enables us to distinguish the savor of substances introduced into the mouth, which is different from tactile sensibility. The sapid quality of substances appreciated by the tongue are designated as bitter, sweet, alkaline, sour, salt, etc. Were it not for taste, eating and drinking would be more of a necessity than a pleasure. There would be no such thing as luxuries in the line of eatables, and one article and style of food would be as good as another. This sense, however necessary it may be toward prompting the stomach to take that which will be nutriment to the blood, can be and often is very materially perverted; in fact, perhaps more so than any of the other four senses. By a persistency of effort on the part of an individual he can be trained to relish that for which he

had a natural repugnance. And this peculiarity of the sense of taste would not be a matter of so much gravity were it not that this perversion failed to stop here. But, taking under consideration the fact that this freak of nature is transmitted to generations following, it becomes a very serious matter. And we are hereby reminded of the divine law, written by the great law-giver, that the "Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty; visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and upon the children's children, unto the third and to the fourth generation."

Now you may readily comprehend what it means to lose any of the senses. But there are many other disadvantages under which one is compelled to labor, such as the loss of a limb by accident, paralysis of any part of the body, financial reverses, sickness, bereavements, and many others.

As I wish to place all phases of life before you that you may see how much better equipped you are than many others, how many things you have to be thankful for, and how hard you should strive to make a creditable use of your life and talents while you are in possession of all of your faculties, I pause to mention the only condition in life in which light cannot penetrate.

Of all the afflictions which befall mankind the worst of

all is the loss of mind. Deafness and blindness together, as in the case of Laura Bridgman, may be overcome to a certain extent when the reasoning faculties are left, but when these are gone the person is like the bronze chrysalis from which the painted butterfly has taken its flight—empty and dead. Mrs. Belle G. Biglow, of Lincoln, Neb., was one day a guest at the Hospital for the Incurable Insane at Hastings, Neb. While making the rounds of the building with Dr. Johnson, who was then the superintendent, he said to her, "These people are virtually dead already; dead to themselves and dead to the world. All that is left of them is the empty house from which the living, thinking spirit has departed. No hope for them except in that farther land, where all things are made new."

CHAPTER V

LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED

It is indeed a pleasure for me to devote these lines to you, children and students, whose cheeks are still moist and glistening with the dews of infant purity; you whose ambitious spirits are doubtless high; you who are bidding good morning to the living, busy, and progressive world, consisting of your parents, neighbors, and teachers. They are returning your salute, and are manifesting their interest in your welfare by establishing schools for the purpose of cultivating your undeveloped minds and giving you a chance to reach even a higher standard of progression than they have had an opportunity to attain.

I am not here to tell you in mournful numbers that life is but an empty dream. If that were so, our effort in your behalf would be for naught. I warn you, however, that life is full of trying obstacles, which must be overcome in order to make your career successful; or before you will be able to reach a coveted goal, which every ambitious mind secretly cherishes. The uncertain future lies before you. With it you know not what may be in store for you. Success may attend your every effort, but it is more likely that these successes will be interspersed with disappointments and failures.

To the great majority of intelligent people our future

on earth is more of a mystery than our future after we shall have crossed the river of death. While it is a stubborn fact that the trials mentioned in the preceding chapter, together with many others, are before you and staring you in the face, do not for a moment let the thought of them discourage you. Borrowed trouble is ten-fold worse than the real, as it is like placing one alone in the center of a massive building with rooms constructed in the style of a maze. He seeks for the entrance and freedom. In his meandering researches he goes up and down, hither and thither, but all he finds is other rooms, which add new disappointments, and he at last gives up in despair.

Riley says:

“The signs are bad when folks commence
A finding fault with Providence;
And balking, cause the earth don't shake
At every prancing step they take.
No man is great till he can see
How less than little he would be
If, stripped of self, and stark and bare,
He hung his sign out anywhere.

“My doctrine is to lay aside
Contentions, and be satisfied.
Just do your best, and praise or blame
That follers, that counts just the same,
I've all'us noticed great success
Is mixed with trouble, more or less,
And it's the man that does the best
That gets more kicks than all the rest.”

Take hope and fear from man and he would find little cause for action. Prof. Henry Fassett lost his sight just as he was entering upon the active duties of manhood, but this did not discourage him. The spirit which then actuated him is shown in his reply to his father, when he was condoling with Henry concerning his misfortune. He said, "Let us thank God that my health is unimpaired, my mental faculties undisturbed, my spirits and aspirations as high as ever, and that many of the avenues of employment are still within my grasp." The truth of the old adage, "Where there is a will there is a way," was never better demonstrated than in the fact that he afterwards became a prominent leader in the British Parliament, served a term as postmaster general of England, and was for several years professor of mathematics in Cambridge University.

That it is a serious misfortune to be blind, or encumbered by any disadvantage that may be the lot of men, no one will deny. But it is worse than idleness to spend the remainder of your days in lamentations. Ability to perform and willingness to execute almost invariably insure success however great the obstacle.

The easiest way to battle with natural difficulties is to first prepare yourself to meet disappointments; then when you are obliged to yield a desired end you will be able to rally all your energies for another quarter of the field. Shakespeare graphically says:

“When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst which late on hopes depended,
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
The robbed who smiles steals something from the thief,
But he who robs himself, he spends a bootless grief.”

There are not many obstacles in the pathway of life which one cannot triumphantly step over by persistent effort. For instance, where one faculty is lost, one or more of the remaining four may take the place of the lost one to a certain extent, by persistent effort on the part of the loser in developing them properly. For example, when the sight is lost the sense of hearing, of touch, and of smell may be educated to be more than naturally acute, as in this case these are the ones that we call to our relief. Place yourself in total darkness for a moment; then you can form a partial conception of the extra work these senses must be capable of performing. In my own experience the sense of hearing takes the place of sight, in many instances. Riding in a carriage I have counted fence posts eight feet from the road, have told my companions of the different objects, such as trees, fences, and houses, along the line of travel. I have run through groves without touching a tree, endeavoring to catch one who was trying to keep out of my way, and have guessed the dimensions of a room as nearly as any one could do by sight. All of this I have accomplished by echo or the reverberation of sound.

There is some difference of opinion concerning the

nature of sound; so we will use the definition given by some of the leading philosophers, that it is a wave of air set in motion by some vibrating substance, producing a sensation in the ear. If I call aloud, stamp my foot, clap my hands, or make any other noise, the sound wave recedes from me in every direction. If you hurl a ball against the floor or any other object with sufficient force, it will bound back to the starting point. Likewise, if the sound wave strikes any object on either side of me it will also rebound. According to the volume of noise I have made and by the length of time it takes it to return I judge the distance of the object from me, and according to the volume of the returning wave I judge the size of the object.

Therefore this sound wave assists me materially in acquiring a knowledge of my surroundings. Riding in a carriage through timber, the sound wave sent out by the rattle of the carriage wheels returns to me divided, as it were, a report from every tree from various distances. In this way the sound wave saves me many a bump (though I often get one), and not infrequently takes the place of sight in guiding my footsteps. Many wonder how I am able to walk directly into a store door, because it is usually set a few feet farther in than the solid wall. Being obliged to depend largely upon the sense of hearing I have cultivated it to such a degree that when even with a door I am able to distinguish the difference in the distance the sound wave is traveling

between myself and the wall. In this way I notice vacant lots, or boxes, persons, or any object on or along the walk. It will be well and even instructive for you to experiment a little along this line. Place yourself near some object, in the open air, at a proper distance from any other, so that there will be no danger of confusion, then clap your hands smartly and notice the result. Tap one end of a board and see if you are able to measure by sound. I can, very accurately, as the vibration is solid until the sound wave leaves the other end of the board.

I distinguish one person from another by the voice. I can often recognize persons by their breathing or their walk.

When playing the part of a pedestrian I use the sense of touch, by means of my feet and cane, to keep me in the road and to find the various crossings and places of destination. I keep the direction of travel by the heat of the sun in clear weather, by knowing the direction from which the wind is blowing when I start, and oft-times by landmarks. For instance, one night in August, 1882, I was one of the passengers from Kansas City to Omaha on the Missouri Pacific. Desirous of visiting a schoolmate three miles south of Brock, Neb., I disembarked at that point at four o'clock in the morning, an entire stranger to the place. The station agent took me to the road leading directly south of my friend's residence. The wind was not blowing and the sun was not

yet up, so I was obliged to find some means of keeping my bearing. There was a mill dam on the Nemaha river near by, over which the water was flowing, so I utilized the roaring noise it made for that purpose, and arrived at my destination in time for a good breakfast. You no doubt will wonder how I could find the house. The secret is that the agent had told me I would cross a little creek just before reaching it.

January 6, 1886, I called at the poor farm in Saline county, Nebraska, to see a sick girl. In the evening I decided to spend the night on a neighboring farm. The house was one-half mile southwest of the poorhouse, and to get there it was necessary to go a quarter of a mile west across a strip of prairie to the road, thence south. Nearing the road I ran into a snowdrift, which confused me. The night was calm, therefore I had no means of keeping the directions. While standing for a moment meditating what course to pursue, a dog set up a familiar bark. I therefore proceeded to follow the drift, clapping my hands smartly until I heard the echo from some trees which I knew were on the corner of my friend's farm, and in that way I discovered where the road was. So I crossed the drift without hesitation and went on my way rejoicing.

One night in January, 1885, I followed a single buggy track through snow from six inches to four feet deep from Dorchester, Neb., to Pleasant Hill, a distance of five and one-half miles. Snow is a great hindrance to

us in traveling, likewise mud. Here it would be well to mention that extremely windy weather is to us what darkness is to you, as it confuses and bewilders us.

One evening in the outskirts of Centralia, Wash., I lost my bearing and located myself by the odor of a pig pen, the occupant being the only pig I knew of in the country.

I have crossed railroad bridges and walked on footlogs without experiencing any difficulty. Parties have often tried to bewilder me in cities where I am well acquainted, but in every instance they have failed to accomplish the desired end. It is always amusing to me to have friends tell of the wonder expressed by those on the streets watching me, at the ease with which I perambulate the streets, sidewalks, or crossings, or go about the depots and hotels at will, the same as those who see.

I have experimented some in farm work, having plowed corn, which was done by walking astride the row, or hanging my feet in the same manner, with a riding plow, the corn, of course, being from knee to waist high. I can husk thirty-five bushels per day in good corn, from the stalk. I have gathered sheaves in the harvest field almost as rapidly as those working with me.

While riding through a portion of the country that I am acquainted with, I can always locate myself by taking notice of the bridges, turns in the road, the hills and the hollows, and length of level stretches of ground,

as well as timber patches, and the open country. After having traveled over a part of territory for the first time I can give as good or a better description of the same than one who can see, as my infirmity makes me a close observer and causes my mind to retain a more vivid impression of all the details of the trip and the country through which I have passed.

Four days after my first arrival in the city of Portland, Ore., I was able to roam about the city at will, alone, and did so freely without once getting lost.

The school at Nebraska City is on a hill just north of town. In the winter I have frequently coasted with a hand-sled down the long hill and across Table Creek bridge, keeping the center of the road and bridge by listening intently to the reverberations of sound on the fences on either side, as well as the railing of the bridge, never once missing the center. When the coasting was very fine I have swept cross the bridge with sufficient force to carry me two blocks up another slope.

I have jumped on and off moving trains and have passed through many other dangerous experiences, but I am happy to note, in reviewing my life carefully, that I have only had one accident that might have been serious which can be attributed directly to the loss of sight.

Across the road from the southwest corner of the school campus there are five large cottonwood trees. I have often climbed to the top of these trees and delivered an oration to space, or to the scholars of the district

school, if they should happen to be in hearing. Once during a long period in which I had not attempted to climb these trees they had been trimmed without my knowledge, and upon making the attempt again I reached the first limb, which was fourteen feet from the ground, and stood upon the same, and undertook to jump and catch the next limb as usual, some feet above and just out of reach. But behold, it was gone; consequently I returned quickly to mother earth, and upon my descent thought the judgment day had surely come.

Along the line of the lost faculties replaced and the demonstrations of possibilities, there is no example in the annals of history parallel to that of Laura Bridgman, unless it is Helen Keller. A detailed account of her life alone would fill a book, therefore we will confine ourselves to a few facts relative to her career.

In this case three of the faculties were wholly lost—seeing, hearing, and smelling—and the fourth—taste—partially. Bear in mind here was a human being with but one avenue through which any ideas or knowledge could penetrate to the soul within, and that the sense of touch. She was born in Hanover, N. H., December 21, 1829, and seemed a bright, pretty infant, but extremely puny. At one year and a half old she seemed to rally and gain strength and was apparently healthy for a few months. Again sickness and fever raged for months, leaving her thus afflicted, and it was not until she was four years of age that her bodily health was restored.

As soon as she could walk she began to manifest her thirst for knowledge by exploring the room, and then the house, and soon acquainted herself with the various objects therein—their form, weight, size, pliability, surface, and temperature. One of her daily occupations was to follow her mother and strive to imitate everything she did. She even learned to sew and knit quite well by feeling her mother's hands while engaged in these pursuits.

The greatest difficulty of course was to communicate with her; so it was impossible to supply all her wants, and had it not been for timely and unexpected aid her existence would have been both heartrending to her mother and extremely miserable and wretched to herself. Death would have been preferable a thousand times. Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, whose initiative accomplishments and unrelenting efforts will never die, at that time was superintendent of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, at Boston. Hearing of Laura, he hastened at once to see her, and easily persuaded her mother to send her to that institution, where she arrived on the 4th of October, 1837. In a little while she became familiar with her new home, and Dr. Howe immediately began the work of her education.

At first the manner of procedure was difficult to determine; but gradually, by patient and unstinted vigilance, this obstacle was overcome. The first experiments were made by placing labels with raised letters upon the

various articles in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, etc., each of which she examined carefully and quickly learned to distinguish the difference in the labels and to place them upon the corresponding articles. But for weeks this was only done from imitation and memory, without having the slightest idea of there being any relation between the articles and the labels. At last, however, the truth dawned upon her, and at the same time she discovered that there was a way whereby she could express her thoughts and communicate freely with others. Her countenance lit up, therefore, with a radiant brightness, and she began her labor with renewed energy. This change was encouraging to her instructor, also, as his labors up to this time had been apparently fruitless. She then learned to arrange raised type into words and sentences.

The next important step was teaching her to make the letters with her fingers according to the manual alphabet as used by the deaf-mutes. This she seemed to do readily, and with pleasure, for her intellect had begun to cooperate so rapidly that only those accustomed to the language could follow with the eye the motion with her fingers. While conversing with others with the finger alphabet it was necessary for her to hold the hand of the person talking to her in order that she might perceive by the touch the letters as they were made.

Laura could not hear her own voice, neither could she perceive the tones of others. She could not, therefore,

learn to modify, vary, and articulate sounds according to a developed language. You who have the full faculties both see and hear those with whom you converse, and are accustomed to move in a speaking society from your earliest infancy, and must therefore greatly profit by this open intercourse with those with whom you come in contact. But all these advantages were denied to the subject of this sketch.

Laura in her dreams talked with her fingers, and also made the peculiar sounds by which she indicated certain persons, which is likewise the case with deaf-mutes with their finger language. She always recognized the fact that a friend was tired or sleepy by the languid or tired feeling expressed by the touch of the person talking to her by the writing of that person's hand, just the same as another would by the intonation of the voice while talking. One peculiarity was that, although she never learned to talk through oral sounds, she had distinct sounds to call many persons which, while it would not be the name of the person, would always represent that particular individual to her. The sounds to express her calls were always composed of one syllable and usually represented some particular phase in their character, as she understood it, which was usually correct. Of beautiful sights, melodious sounds, and sweet odors, she had no conception, but at the same time she seemed as happy as a butterfly.

The object of Laura Bridgman's education was to

make her fit for social intercourse. Some readers may suspect that it would be difficult to restrain this blind deaf-mute on the score of decorum, because she can have conceived no idea of good breeding by constant and involuntary observation of the well-bred around her, as we do from our earliest infancy. Yet, remarkable as this fact may be, Laura has at no time of her life failed to observe the by-laws of cultured society.

“Ye who have eyes and see not and have ears and hear not; ye who are as the hypocrites of sad countenance, and disfigure your faces that ye may seem unto men to fast, learn health, cheerfulness, and mild content from the deaf, and dumb, and blind.”

I think I have now given you an idea of how some of the most stubborn hindrances to success in life may be overcome. So in conclusion let me say that whenever you are able to step over an obstacle in your path you make it that much easier to step over the next one, as one victory sets every drop of ambitious blood within your veins to a brisker circulation. Thus it will inspire you to a more determined effort to win another. Again, for every brilliant achievement honorably gained you will be generously rewarded by self-satisfaction, financially, or by a tribute of honor from the world, and, best of all, by the approbation of your conscience and your God. Do not expect or hope to win any victory in life worth achieving without vigilant, ceaseless, and conscientious exertion. The person who enters upon the ac-

tive duties of life expecting to succeed with folded hands is doomed to inevitable disappointment. There are times in life when the conflict is so severe that men of indomitable will, unlimited talent, and noble motives waver. They think the demons of hell are prevailing against them; that the world is censuring and criticising them; and that, worst of all, even the heavenly hosts have withdrawn their sympathy. In such awful crises noble men often go down. There are instances where men in this state of mind have gone so far as to be in the very act of suicide when some unseen power has stayed their hands. Then desperation and courage joined hands and led them through triumphant victory to the portals of success.

The dove in its flight finds but one obstruction to its progress—the resistance of the atmosphere. It might be said that if the atmosphere were removed, she could fly more rapidly. But remove the atmosphere and her wings will be useless. Some one may say, “I am so hampered; were it not for the obstacles in my way I could accomplish more.” He knows not that these very obstacles are essential to conquest and that they generate strength to achieve it. It takes time to accomplish great ends; so do not be discouraged if you cannot do everything in a minute, but, as Lincoln said, “keep pegging away.” That you may carefully consider these things and profit by their teachings; that they may inspire you to “push on the lines,” seated behind spirited steeds of

progress; and that the God of Heaven may add his choicest blessing to the morning, noon, and evening of your life is the ardent and earnest prayer of your humble writer.

A PSALM OF LIFE

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and **brave**,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'er head!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time,

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

CHAPTER VI

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

In my ramblings I have often been asked many questions. A few of the following may be of interest to my readers.

Do you form any conception of light?

I cannot, but I compare it with cheerfulness and gladness of life. As to color, we only know what chemistry teaches us, that it is shades of light, and can compare it only to the dispositions of those with whom we come in contact—the dark, the blue, the flashy, the even temperament, and the pale.

Can you distinguish the different colors by the sense of touch?

Nine-tenths of the people I meet tell me of some blind person who can discern color by touch, but this is a mistaken idea. A person can sometimes guess the color by the texture of hair or goods. Take the whitest paper and write on it with any colored ink you may choose, and when it is dry you not only cannot tell the color of the ink but you cannot tell that the paper has been written on at all. We will admit that there are some blind persons traveling over the country who do tell colors, but they invariably reiterate. They cannot distinguish colors by their own knowledge. An incident occurred not long ago in Iowa, where a blind man was telling the

color of a horse when in company with a boy who was leading him. Do not imagine that he was even a mind reader, for he had his fingers named, indicating the different colors, and as he would examine the horse the boy would secretly touch the finger denoting the color he was passing his hands over; hence when they were separated the sign language was at an end, and he was powerless to tell white from black. It was in this way that the deception was discovered by another blind man who suggested the separation, and who personally told me the above story, which was brought out in the following manner: One evening I stopped at Culbertson, Neb. As I stepped into the bus a citizen remarked to me, "There is another blind man in town with some horses; and the strangest part of it is he can tell their colors." I replied, "He may have learned their colors, but he cannot distinguish them." My companion could not be convinced of this fact; so I sent word by him to the man in question that if he was totally blind, and claimed to tell colors, he was a deceiver, and that I would meet him the next day to back it. I met him according to statement. He took my hand with the ejaculation, "So I am a deceiver?" and we both laughed heartily. We had a lively time discussing the wonderful exaggeration of the feats of the blind. This blind man is a successful horse healer. There are not many blemishes or faults in an animal that he cannot discover. But in regard to that blind deceiver I may say that in our daily

life we find that the world is filled with deceptions, and that things are not always as they seem to be. The real down east Yankee often remarks that "There are a great many holes in a skimmer."

Having been born blind how do you imagine you would feel if you were to instantly receive your sight?

I presume that my joy would know no bounds, as the contrast between the darkness before and the brightness afterwards would be overwhelming. When one is born without the use of a faculty nature provides a balance wheel. Should scientific means bring out the use of this wanting faculty, it must be trained before it can be utilized to do its work properly. Therefore at first I should feel more helpless than before, as the two methods would clash. To illustrate, I would reach for the moon and stars as they would seem so near, until I could cultivate my sight to measure distance. It would be necessary for me to use the sense of touch to teach the sight to discriminate between a chair and a cooking stove, a tree and a post, or a cow and a sheep. The blind man healed by the Savior said, "I see men as trees walking."

Do you ever dream of seeing?

No; because the lack of sight from birth has prevented my mind from forming any conception which is essential to suggest the dream. You who can see sometimes dream of fairies and other imaginary fancies simply because the use of light enables the mind to overdraw that

which has been seen. But where there is no conception to draw from there can be no dream.

Why do most blind people have some peculiar motion?

The mind is always active. People who can see use their eyes in viewing passing objects or other things which attract the sight. Blind people cannot do this, and their very usual rocking motion fills the want of the eyes and furnishes recreation for the mind. We blind people resort also to other means to supply this need, which a casual observer can usually notice, as this is one secret which it is difficult for us to hide. If the person be of a nervous temperament the avenue chosen is liable to be peculiar, and even unpleasantly conspicuous, such as rubbing the hands, drumming on a chair or table, patting the feet or walking the floor. If the avenue be a certain line of thought taken up the conversation will invariably drift to it. When this happens to be the case it is generally beneficial. To illustrate: Your eyes present to your mind, without any effort on your part, a perfect picture of a scene before you, while our minds must draw on the reasoning faculties to produce this picture; hence the studious blind person should, by virtue of this effort, possess the stronger mind. One difference between the habits of a blind person and one who can see is this: The blind person pays more attention to nature's music, such as birds, katydids, crickets, and the humming of the various insects, and from this, in my experience, nature's music, as above described, has often

been an inspiration to me in my study and a rest and solace to my mind.

Can you distinguish day from night?

Yes, in two ways: First, by the natural din of the day, and, second, by the atmosphere, which is heavier at night; then, too, in clear weather we feel the heat of the sun.

How do you go about attending to all kinds of business without any inconvenience?

We labor under two disadvantages: First, we cannot read our correspondence; second, we cannot place our signatures to papers, thus compelling us to depend upon confidants and witnesses; but one who is careful does not experience much inconvenience in this. We keep a record of our affairs in point system. We can do our own writing successfully on a typewriter. We tell the denominations of gold and silver coin by touch. Many persons have the impression that we can discern denominations of bills, but this is a mistake. We only accept them from banks, firms, and responsible parties. In selling goods, lands, books, or soliciting we are, perhaps, as long-winded as any of you who see. If you do not believe the latter statement, call on me, and we will at once advertise a contest for the prize.

How do you tell the time of day?

By the sense of touch in the same way that we are able to read raised letters. (We use cased watches without crystals.)

Do you experience any difficulty in making your toilet?

Could you have witnessed some of our exploits at school you would not ask this question. Could you imagine a boy soundly sleeping in the third story when the breakfast bell rang, who made his toilet, descended three flights of stairs to the basement, and was seated at the table in three minutes? You may imagine without being far out of the way that we slid down the banisters. We used to forfeit our coffee when late to breakfast, so that the bell was to us as the fire alarm is to the fire laddies.

Can you shave yourself?

Yes, in seven minutes; and the beauty of it is, it is not necessary for me to go to the trouble of borrowing a looking-glass. I have even shaved others without scarring their faces.

Do the blind enjoy life?

Marvin R. Clarke, a blind journalist of note, says, "A general opinion prevails among people who can see that when a person becomes blind he becomes helpless. This idea is the greatest handicap that a blind man has to contend against, and his greatest task is to wear it away. Blind people are just as self-reliant and just as brave as people who can see."

Mr. Clarke further writes: "You ask me how the blind man amuses himself? What joy he finds in life? A blind man amuses himself just like one who can see, according to his taste, provided he has the money. It is nine years since I became totally blind, and in all that

time I have found my greatest source of recreation in my literary work. I have continued to write fiction and special stories for papers in and out of town. Since I returned from the Bermudas I have written two comedies and a novel of 130,000 words, and in all this work I have found the keenest pleasure.

"Nearly every blind man enjoys a long walk through the park in the summer or along one of the avenues in winter. He feels the beauty of life and motion about him, and that is more than a great many who see these things do. The blind enjoy driving just as much as they do walking, and I am sure that the blind man who can afford to keep his own turnout, or hire one every day, is much better in health and spirits.

"It will be hard for you who see to believe that a blind man can get any pleasure out of traveling in strange continents, I suppose. Well, I can. I spent eight months in Bermuda, and I never enjoyed a stay anywhere as I did that trip. It was far more beautiful to me than any place I ever visited before I lost my sight. The descriptions I had read of the place were not equal to nature in any way. My enjoyment was in the climate and in the peculiarities of the people. I knew that they were out of the usual by their conversation and by the descriptions that I heard. Most people think that the blind are inclined to draw themselves into their shells and grow morose and cynical. I am a member of the press club and used to go there a great deal, once. When Colonel

Cockerill was president he often said to me, 'Marvin, you are the happiest man I know,' and he wondered at it. One day he said to me, 'How do your thoughts tend? Were you ever down-hearted?' 'Yes, colonel,' I answered. 'No human being was ever so down-hearted as I was during the five years I felt my sight going from me. It was like passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death. When I looked at things I would say, "This may be the last look." I went about the city looking at houses and places. I looked at objects about my room. I looked at the people I loved, realizing that my sight was fading day by day, and tried to burn certain pictures on my brain. I was most miserable. On Thanksgiving morning, 1888, the last vestige of sight vanished, and when my mother came into my room I said, "Mother, it is all gone." Then my happiness returned to me. The agony was over.' "

I have often heard the remark that "the happiest people that I ever saw were blind." Life is what we make it, either full of borrowed trouble, gloomy, and down-cast, or else full of energy, push, and cheerfulness. The blind are free to enjoy most of the amusements of those who see. For instance, at school we had a coasting hill two blocks long, with a ravine twenty or twenty-five feet deep at the foot, on the brink of which we built a mound to prevent our plunging into the aforesaid ravine, as the lawyer would say. But boys are mischievous, and as the girls had to depend on them for their riding, as they had

no sleighs of their own, therefore a scream from the depths was nothing unusual. But I am glad to say that during my nine years' sojourn there no one was seriously hurt while coasting. We had picnics, every spring, to which we would look forward with much pleasure. We played all kinds of games; had swings, trapeze, rope jumping, and so forth. We made snow forts, snowballed, and washed faces with snow. We had corn-popping, nut-cracking, and taffy-pulling on the various winter holidays. In short, we had a general good time and enjoyed our school days to the fullest extent. Socially, provided we have the proper qualifications to merit it, we are generally treated as equals. A thoughtful man should be considerate and make the best of his situation, and in doing so his life will be enjoyable, even though he be blind.

Which do you consider preferable: to lose the sight in infancy or after one has attained the age of reason?

This question cannot be answered definitely, it being a matter of individual opinion. After the advantages and disadvantages in either case are laid before you fairly, you can judge for yourself. One who loses sight in infancy has a better chance to develop the remaining senses, and, as I said before, has no idea of how anything looks, or what sight really is, and is perhaps more reconciled to his lot; while one who loses his sight in mature life has a perceptive knowledge of his surroundings. Hence, in descriptive conversation he can listen

and converse understandingly, and in describing color, looks, etc., he can act intelligently. He may lament his loss; but, by persistent effort, he can overcome this to a great degree and become almost wholly resigned to his fate. Every human heart has its own consuming sorrows, feign cheerfulness as it may.

Should the blind marry?

My own experience prompts me to reply, yes, should circumstances be favorable. I do not believe in people entering into the matrimonial relation until they are able to provide well for their family. I do not deem it wise for the blind to marry the blind, as neither can be of much assistance to the other. If a blind man marries a woman who can see, she can do his reading and be his amanuensis, and she usually takes pleasure in that work; while he, if ambitious, with that assistance can provide a good living for her. Where the blind marry, whether he chooses a blind or a seeing mate, you will seldom hear of a divorce case, as the affections seem to be stronger than usual, owing to the infirmity of one or both, as the case may be. If blindness is not caused by a hereditary disease on the part of either husband or wife, there is no danger of their offspring being likewise affected.

What are the causes of blindness?

Sight is the sense by means of which we are able to comprehend, without coming into actual contact with, something of the size, shape, color, and other properties of material objects. Blindness is the absence of this

faculty. The parts of one's being devoted to this sense are the eyes and certain portions of the brain, together with the nerves which connect them. It is very evident then that an absence of sight may be due either to a defect in the eyes, nerves, or brain, or any two or all three of these organs. Blindness may be congenital or acquired, complete or incomplete, transient or permanent. Congenital blindness perhaps is most often due to some lack of development in the nervous system, but may be due to an incomplete or to an unnatural development of the eye itself. Thus cases are recorded in which one or both eyes have been entirely absent at birth. There have been other instances in which the eyelids were attached to the eyeballs, so that it has been quite impossible to open the eyes. The internal structure may be at fault, there being either an absence of some of the necessary parts (e. g., lens, iris, etc.) or an unnatural or incomplete development of the same. To enumerate and follow out a detailed description of every known malformation or congenital defect of the eye would be as tedious as unnecessary. Suffice it to say, they are many and mostly irremediable. Notwithstanding, however, the usual hopelessness of these cases, modern surgery has accomplished wonders in rectifying these mischances of nature. Thus the eyelids, by plastic operations, are made very natural, indeed; tumors are removed; cross-eyes are made straight; new pupils are created; and a displaced or opaque lens is removed and its place

supplied with a well-adjusted artificial lens placed before the eye in the form of a spectacle glass. Indeed, the surgeon of to-day has achieved such triumphs that it can be predicted with a positiveness arising almost to a certainty that in the near future unfortunates will have sight restored who in the past and even now are regarded as hopeless.

Blindness occurring after birth may be caused either by accident or by disease. A violent blow may crush the eyeball at once, or may destroy only a portion of the organ. A common result of a blow upon the ball is cataract, which is a gradual hardening and transformation of the lens to such a degree that it will no longer transmit the rays of light. Cataract is popularly supposed to be something growing over the eye. This is an error, the knowledge of which will prevent the further destruction of the eye by the application of useless and irritating medicines by the laity and quacks. Again, a blow not quite sufficiently hard to destroy sight at once may be followed by a deep-seated inflammation, which, if severe, as it is likely to be, will impair or destroy sight. A violent concussion of the brain may destroy the nerve centers which receive and take cognizance of impressions brought from the eye, or a tumor growing in the brain may do the same thing. A violent box on the ear, bestowed by an irate parent, has often set up a train of symptoms which last through life. Cancers and other growths may invade the eye-ball itself and re-

sult in its total destruction. Snow-blindness, so common in countries having long winters, is familiar to most of us, and happily is usually cured by removal from the cause. Among the more common diseases which occasionally leave their victims maimed with darkness, are smallpox, scarlet fever, measles, typhoid fever, meningitis and many others, including rheumatism. These cases are sometimes curable, but more often are not. Temporary loss of sight is sometimes caused by hysteria. It may be said that the extinction of the visual function may be caused by any of the general diseases, though more likely to be so from some than others. Prominent among causes, and of paramount importance from any point of view, personally, socially, or morally, stand two diseases which invariably accompany lives of immorality. The first is a specific disease which affects most unfavorably and perniciously every fiber of the body and every drop of blood, and which yearly wrecks upon the shores of the great sea of pollution thousands of victims, themselves and their descendants. The other, more local in its effects, starts at the moment of birth, a more frightful and destructive inflammation of the conjunctiva, resulting only too often in the complete destruction of sight. Hundreds and thousands of innocent babies yearly are, by the sins of their parents, consigned to a life of solitude and dependence. Blindness from this latter cause has increased in this country at such a rate that at present

the ratio is greater than ever. What a commentary on the boasted Christian refinement and forward movement of the beginning of the twentieth century!

The blind as a rule are a quiet, thoughtful, sympathetic class. They are sensitive, but sensible. The other faculties take on increased activity and strength, partially replacing the loss of a most precious organ, and in consequence they are enabled to do wonderful things and accomplish much that is useful. The blind can excel in music and literature, and, indeed, where circumstances permit, usually become excellent, often profound scholars. Their life on earth is one of commingled sadness and joy, clouds and sunshine, pleasure and pain. Their life in the great beyond will bring deliverance from darkness into light, and happiness eternal.

CHAPTER VII

CHARACTER-BUILDING

It is true that every one is the architect of his own character. It is also true that he inherits a disposition which is the foundation of character. The material in this foundation may consist of vigor or indolence, bravery or cowardice, honor or dishonor, humility or bigotry, sympathy or coldness, benevolence or selfishness, gentleness or viciousness, even temperament or irritableness, frankness or deceitfulness, tidiness or slovenliness, cautiousness or recklessness, courteousness or rudeness, truthfulness or falsity, conscientiousness or unscrupulousness, submission or wilfulness, and punctuality or tardiness.

The points in this enumeration are known as traits of character. Your success in life depends upon which of these traits you choose to cultivate. You will notice here pairs of extreme opposites, one promoting true manhood, the other the reverse. You must conclude, then, that character is the inner man, good or bad, as wrought out by his own actions. Notice that each item in the above analysis has its own peculiar office to perform in moulding character and fixing destiny.

The germs of character exist in the ancestry, centuries before the child is born, and begin to take form and manifest themselves in early infancy. At this period

parents are able to do more for their children than at any other time in life, as the parents are in possession of historical facts in family characteristics, and therefore know what traits to encourage or guard against. The little child's nature is much like a ball of wax, and is capable of being moulded almost wholly in harmony with the desire of the parents. But in later years, this waxen ball (nature) becomes like the boulder of the prairie, hard as flint, and almost wholly unsusceptible of impression or change. The child which has been carefully guarded and trained from infancy has an immeasurable advantage over the one which has not; as the germs of noble thought and action have been cultivated, so that when he arrives at the forks of the road he will be most likely to unhesitatingly follow the promptings of his early training, until he becomes like a drop of oil on the ocean of humanity. His influence is strong, storm-quieting, protective, attractive, and magnetically inspiring. He rides over all the waves of adversity, and is not overwhelmed by the wildest turmoil of the waters. The deeds of his life become immortal and continue to bear fruit in abundance for the good of his kind. The foregoing character reaches human perfection, which can be acquired only by an absolute surrender of self to the purest and noblest impulses that affect the soul.

This is indeed an enviable position, and how strange it is that more people do not struggle to attain it. It

is one of the goals in life that should be coveted and sought by all, as it is one of the possibilities that each and every individual is capable of reducing to reality.

A good character is of such high order and fine texture that the world often fails to see its beauty and value for years and sometimes for centuries; but eventually it must shine as a brilliant star in the firmament.

All through his life, almost the whole world stood opposed to Martin Luther. They looked upon him as a disturber of long-established and sacred customs, and a dangerous man. But he stood so firmly for principle that, at the risk of his life, he revolutionized the religious thought and life of the enlightened world, and forced his enemies to respect him. When his friends endeavored to dissuade him from appearing for trial before the Diet of Worms, he replied, "I should go to Worms, if there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the roofs of their houses." To Worms he went, and stood there alone before that proud court in defense of his convictions, until the court itself trembled at Luther's fearless and unanswerable arguments; thus exhibiting one of the strongest characters on record.

While heredity has much to do in forming character, environment may be the greater factor. Surroundings cannot change the blood, but they exert a powerful influence upon the disposition, and when the child is born with the virus of its parents' veins or vitiated appetites, there is a wide door of hope open to such par-

ents if they correct their own lives, if wrong, and bring their offspring in touch with the very holiest surroundings possible. While this is true, the child of Puritan ancestry, being placed in pernicious surroundings, is in the most alarming jeopardy. Place the first child under pure, uplifting and ennobling influences from the day of his birth until he is twelve years old, and he will almost certainly be, in a very great degree, like his surroundings. But keep the second under the influence of the low, profane, obscene, vicious, and unscrupulous until he is twelve years old, and if he exhibits a Puritan character it will be more because of the grace of God than of better blood. But blood and early training will tell in after life, as even in the case of Ingersoll, who was the son of a minister, and who, in the last and ripest year of his life wrote thus:

“Is there beyond the silent night an endless day?

The tongueless secret locked in fate

We do not know. We hope and wait.

Is death the door that leads to light? We cannot say.”

This little verse reminds us of the fearful risk the unbeliever is running, while the true Christian* has perfect peace and safety.

Should I have a reader who does not believe in a hereafter, it will pay him to build a strong moral character, for two reasons: First, should there be no future state, he runs absolutely no risk in living up to the principles laid down here; second, he will enjoy uni-

versal respect—even the skeptic will honor him. Will not all this add materially to his pleasures in life? Can it easily be denied that a sense of obligation to a Supreme Being is essential to growth into the noblest character? Man is inclined to think of fear as the prime motive of obedience to God. This may be true at first; but this fear becomes so blended with love to God that finally love casts out all fear, and sweet communion with the Creator follows. Now by rendering an absolute submission to the Divine will, he will be inspired to cultivate only the noblest traits, until his character is so crystallized as to be fit to shine above the stars. In such a character there is no danger to himself or to the world. Even the thought of his existence will be purifying and uplifting to others.

In building character, conscience is the base of operation. It is the seat of judgment where the performance of that which is esteemed to be right is approved; or if wrong, condemned.

Conscience questions the right or wrong, prompts to do or forbear, and approves or disapproves the act. Man's judgment is the act of his intellect, his conscience his moral guide. The judgment invariably leads the conscience, but if the judgment be wrong conscience will inevitably be misled, and one good person may conscientiously hang another good person for witchcraft; a mother may feed her child to a crocodile; or a royal Saul of Tarsus may persecute his Redeemer and at the

same time have a conscience void of offense toward God and man. Hence the importance of having a well-trained and a well-balanced judgment. In such cases conscience is a safe guide, otherwise never. Yet, strange to say, conscience must be obeyed at the peril of Divine displeasure and the bitterest remorse of our own souls.

There is no place so well adapted to the growth of strong character as a good home. The home should be the pleasantest and best place in the world.

“Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home.”

“Let love through all our actions run,
And all our words be mild.”

“Love is the golden chain that binds
The parents’ hearts in one,
And all the children are inclined
To live in love alone.”

This is the ideal spirit of a well-regulated home. The parents are joined in love, and when they differ on any point of government their children never know it. They govern in love, even when the rod is necessary. In the same spirit they do all in their power to place attractions in and around the home. When possible I would recommend a shady lawn with rustic seats, grounds for games, well arranged flower beds which the children can cultivate, and pets to be kindly treated.

“It is music, sweet music, that charms the world, that comforts the soul; music that makes the sorrowful glad.” There is nothing that can be brought into the

home which is more attractive, inspiring, elevating, and refining than good music, vocal or instrumental. By hearing a strange person play or sing I can analyze his character as readily as by any other means; by the predominant class of music, his touch, his voice, also his mood, which is defined clearly in his expression of countenance or voice and will necessarily be noticed in the spirit of music. An accomplished musician is capable of making you laugh, cry, or drift you into a certain train of thought, no matter what mood you happen to be in previous to the execution of the music. One night I was on a Missouri Pacific train from Kansas City to Omaha; it was about midnight; we were rumbling sleepily along about twenty-five miles an hour. Most of the passengers had been transferred to dream-land; at least there was not a word being exchanged in the car. On the opposite side of the car and three or four seats back of me sat a young man who had been in the South to bury his mother. He was a resident of western Montana. Without any warning he began to sing, "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River" in a low, sad, melodious voice. Before he was through every passenger in the car was wideawake, and there were but few if any dry eyes present.

In the beginning of the chapter I said that disposition was inherited. In the selection of literature a child will show its inherent inclinations more naturally and definitely than in any other way. In the cultivation

of character there is no factor that exercises more power and more lasting influence than literature. How necessary, then, that parents should fill the home with pure, uplifting literature, and spurn from it that which is low and degrading. Adorn it with helpful mottoes, pictures, pots and vases of flowers, and pieces of handiwork made by the children themselves.

Laziness is a perversion of human nature which children fall into under wrong training. The inclination to industry is found in every normal child. It is natural for him to desire to do something of importance. He is never so happy, nor does his character grow so fast, as when doing some laudable work, however menial. His mind will be profitably employed and drawn away from matters of a frivolous nature. In this practical way he learns lessons of submission, self-denial, self-respect, self-reliance, and industry.

Parents and guardians should encourage this spirit and heartily recognize every sincere effort. The good intentions of a child should never be unnoticed, as a single failure of recognition may in some cases prove fatally discouraging. The children of a certain school were expected to furnish flowers for closing day. Little Jennie seemed sad that evening because they had no flowers. Her mother explained that they were too poor to afford flowers. The child replied, "But I want to do my part." Early next morning Jennie was out in the fields in search of wild flowers. All the rest of the

children had come in with their beautiful cut flowers, potted plants, and birds. When Jennie entered the room with her basket of wild flowers she was met with a cruel, scornful laugh of derision, which caused her to shrink almost out of the room. The teacher, seeing it all, cried out, "I was afraid you could not be with us to-day. What beautiful flowers! These are God's flowers, and they shall have a prominent place." Jennie remained, and from that day was a favorite with her mates and a leader in decoration; but had she been allowed to be ridiculed out of the room with her good intentions unappreciated, her whole life might have been blighted.

This little story illustrates another obstacle in the way of character-building, which wrecks hundreds and thousands of lives every year. The Good Book says, "The love of money is the root of all evil," which in this matter is a sad truth. Access to unlimited luxuries creates a superior, disdainful feeling toward those who have none. This spirit is becoming more disagreeable and dangerous to the rising generation than we can form any conception of until we shall have thoroughly canvassed the ground.

A disposition exists in our military schools to limit the privileges of our poor boys, because they are not able to move in elite society or secure a college education. We even have high standing officials in our army who sanction this abominable innovation upon our

American institutions. I do not mean to imply that all persons in possession of wealth are Shylocks; for in that class we have many excellent people who would sacrifice heavily to save the pound of flesh. It is not the possession of money, but the inordinate love and abuse of it that we antagonize, because it promotes avariciousness. They care for nothing but themselves and the almighty dollar. A man troubled with this failing was present at the dedication of a church. The appeal for money was strong. He refused several solicitors, but was noticeably in a struggle with himself. The last box was coming near, and he must do something. In his despair he thrust his hand into his pocket, brought out a roll of bills, and dropped them in the box, triumphantly exclaiming: "Now squirm, human nature, squirm!" In others dissipation often sends the mother to the asylum, the children to the almshouse, and the father to ruin soul and body. In others indolence through indulgence, as luxury decreases the desire to cultivate thrift, while privations increase the necessity for energetic action. In others a haughty, proud, bigoted, lordly spirit takes possession of their natures, causing their demeanor to be extremely injurious to their own success as well as the success of those across whose path they stand. This reminds me of the dog in the manger. They are not capable of eating the hay themselves, nor willing to let their neighbors have it.

It is creditable to move in cultured society; but cultured society should be defined by intelligence and morals and not by financial standing. This is the wet-blanket that has smothered the fire in many a poverty-stricken soul, which if allowed to burn would have smelted pure gold in his character.

In our large cities and towns, and even villages, many parents allow their children to roam the streets on Sunday, and even stay out of school, because they cannot clothe them in uniformity with others. I sometimes feel that they may be justified in not compelling their children to go, when I notice the scorns and sneers of those who are better dressed.

Parents, this is one of the knotty questions which you must solve in favor of the schools and churches, or your children will fall behind in the race and perhaps go down in the struggle. This is one of the sequels to American extravagance. The influence wrought by heartless aristocracy, or false etiquette, is the incentive which prompts many poor people to put their hard earnings on their backs and in show, resulting in flabby muscles for want of nourishing food, empty minds for the absence of literature, and dormant talents for lack of incentives. Many people would rather be out of the world than out of fashion, so they sacrifice all at this false shrine.

There is no place like home, so we will return there again. We have reviewed some of its attractions and

industries. Domestic habits are an important factor in character-building. Each and every one should be clothed with kindness. Kindness first, kindness last, and kindness all the time. It wins the confidence and affection of your children. It cultivates within their beings an unquenchable desire to satisfy your every wish in an approved style. More than this, it stimulates an incentive to remain in the path of truth and honor as long as they live.

James was not a good boy in school, that day, and his teacher tried in vain to help him to be better. Finally she said, "James, I wish you would remain when school is dismissed." The bell tapped for closing, and the children all moved in regular order to the door, James among the number. He grasped the door-knob while a fierce struggle raged within his little soul. It was a critical moment for him. Then he approached the teacher's desk, saying, "Did you want me, teacher?" The teacher replied, "No, James, you are excused." He went to the door again, opened it, hesitated, and returned to his teacher. In subdued tones of deep emotion he said, "O, can you forgive me, for being so rude? All day I felt just like killing somebody. This morning, when I started to school, I saw papa knock mother down twice, and all day I felt so dreadfully ugly." The teacher did forgive James. Then and there two souls were knit together in sympathy and love, which made James a better boy in school and a nobler man to this day.

Kindness does not imply humoring or over-indulgence. These features are often the very extreme of unkindness, however kindly intended, because they invariably foster impetuosity, peevishness, dependence, and big-babyism.

Partiality, or favoritism, is another fatal mistake parents have often made since before the days of Jacob. It nourishes the bitterest envy, jealousy, and hatred. Add parental abuse to this evil, and you have the secret of the cause of thousands of vacant chairs at the domestic table.

I traveled constantly for twelve years. If there is any pursuit through which one may acquire a thorough knowledge of the ins and outs of life, this is one which takes the lead. Here is where many of the incentives were conceived which prompted me to sound this trumpet.

One beautiful evening about half past ten, in one of our western cities, while sitting on the veranda of a leading hotel, I witnessed six girls marching down the main street past the hotel, singing:

"Here we come down the streets of Jericho,
Seeking mighty men of valor."

I was told by the clerk that these girls ranged between fourteen and sixteen years of age. I retired that night with an aching heart, in the thought that there were six girls who were or soon would be moral wrecks for lack of parental vigilance.

Parental vigilance embraces more than language can explain or mind comprehend. A mother sitting in a rocking chair with her little babe in her arms seriously and anxiously looks into its future career. There it lies, the embodiment of purity, innocence, and dependence. She sees all these in the expression of its countenance, feels them in handling, as she presses it to her bosom, and hears them in its coo, as it seems to be in communion with the angels. Now the parents of this child guard it with unwearied watchfulness lest some evil may befall it. But, strange to say, yet sadly true, as soon as the child arrives at the age of accountability, and its innocence and purity begin to disappear, parental vigilance begins to wane, and a thousand evils within and without attack its tender nature. This is not altogether a fault in the parents, as it is natural and necessary for a child to become more self-reliant as he matures, and for the parents to realize this fact. But it is evident that parents cannot be too vigilant.

Before leaving the home I wish to touch on one more point. Misguided affection is responsible for more Smart Alecs than any other parasite of parental control. As soon as a child perceives that by crying or pleading he can overcome the will of his parents, he begins to encroach upon their sovereignty and to have his own way in an imperceptible degree, until he thinks he knows more than the united heads of the family, and at last defiantly ignores their authority. This is seldom

a wilful fault in the parents, but it is, without exception, their fatal mistake.

I have often heard parents remark to children that they should be seen and not heard. This damper on a child's life is an extremely important one; it may be closed too effectually, or it may be thrown too wide open. Restriction is a very necessary tool for parents to use. However, the more frank they can be with their children without permitting rudeness or cultivating tyranny, the less apt the child is to be sneaking or deceitful. Explain to them freely all the evils and pitfalls they will encounter. Give them some idea of your business which will teach them to take an interest in those things and assist materially in developing their ambition. It will make them feel as though they were partners in your interests, and not outsiders.

Some newspaper writer flippantly puts it thus:

"Boys, be decent; if you can't be decent be as decent as you can." Every man respects a boy who shows respect to his superiors in authority or in age. When a business man wants to employ a boy he does not look for a Smart Alec nor for one who thinks he knows it all. He wants a polite, respectful, gentlemanly boy who will not be getting into scrapes. It is all right to have fun at proper times, in a proper way, but when you are most hilarious do not forget the respect you owe to authority and age. You can be a gentleman and have just as much fun, and it will be far better for you now and

always. After this gentle reminder to boys it may not be out of place to call the attention of older people to some things. When a man gets to be forty or fifty years of age he is quite likely to forget how much he really knew and how he was treated when a youth. He gets the idea that a boy does not know anything and is hardly worth the space he occupies in the world, and instinctively treats him accordingly. The boy has sense, sharp and active wit, and really knows things that we old cronies have never blundered onto, and he will know a lot more in time. Moreover, his mind and heart have not been subjected to as many cold baths as ours have; he is fresh, full of confidence in himself and the world in general, and is very sensitive to a lack of appreciation and to ill-usage. He resents the inference that he is not worthy of attention, and has a right to do so. If all the men in the community would realize the real value and prospects of the boys, and treat them accordingly, the boys would be inspired to better conduct.

"Our idea of hell is a home where father and mother are divided on the management of children, and the children grow up disobedient and form dissolute habits. Many a heaven on earth is converted into a veritable hell by this process. On the other hand, what can come nearer approaching heaven than a home where harmony prevails."

The work of securing an education and building character does **not** stop in the home and the schoolroom, nor

after one has begun the active duties of life. It stops only when, for the last time, you lay down the shovel and the hoe, the hammer and the tongs, the yard-stick and the scissors, the square and the saw, the books and the pen, and the cares and toils of this life.

The storeroom of knowledge is capacious and expansive, and as impossible to be filled by your efforts as the universe is to be filled with your breadth. Anything less than the very best that is in you is unworthy of you. It is better to aim at something and miss it every time than to aim at nothing and hit it every time. Slothfulness is not a good quality to possess, neither is haste; and rashness is always worse than either. King David compares the rash person to the horse which recklessly rushes into battle. Enthusiasm inspires to earnest effort, but should be curbed by common sense; but rashness knows no bounds until the crash comes. Carelessness is an open road to grief. Cautiousness wards off innumerable failures, and breeds economy and uprightness. Tardiness is sure to fail in the race, while punctuality, day by day, week after week, year after year, all through life, is sure to come in for a share of the honors at the end of the home-stretch. Men may destroy your good reputation; but unless you commit moral suicide no power in the universe can destroy your good character. It will stand when the rocks of Gibraltar are washed away, and when earth and sea are no more.

Poets may be born, but success is made; therefore let

me beg of you in the outset to dismiss from your minds all idea of succeeding by luck.

In giving you being, God locked up in your nature certain forces and capabilities. Do not use them unworthily. Save and protect them that they may save for you fortune and fame. Honestly resolve to do this and you will be an honor to yourself and your country.

Amidst the disappointments which may attend your individual exertions; amidst the universal agitations which now surround you, be very confident that whatever is just, whatever is humane, whatever is true, whatever is good, according to the immutable ordinance of Providence, must prevail.

In the recognition of this law there are motives to beneficent activity which shall endure to the last syllable of life. Be it then our duty and our encouragement to ever live and to labor, ever mindful of the future. All ages have lived and labored for us. From one has come art, from another jurisprudence, from another the compass, and from another the printing-press. The mighty stream of progress, though fed by many waters and tributaries and hidden springs, derives part of its forces from the earlier currents which leap and sparkle in the distant mountain recesses.

The present is big with possibilities. Every man, woman, and child with convictions can be real factors in the march of progress. To those who desire to help the world along are given great and widespread oppor-

tunities to further civilization and knowledge. Such a person will leave a lasting impression on the mind of man far greater than those commanding a hopeless, sullen, discontented disposition. There is no reason why a man or a woman need be a mere cipher in society at the present time. Millions of men and women, having lost hope, feel themselves vanquished by cunning or power in a struggle for justice, freedom, and happiness, and naturally send forth an atmosphere of hopeless bitterness, while from the masterful few in society the dominant or prevailing spirit is that of an alert conqueror. A man who does nothing is a mere cipher. He does not fulfil the obligations for which he was sent into the world, and when he dies he has not finished the work he was sent here to do. He is a mere blank of creation. Men are what we want, not kings, nobles, governors, nor office-holders merely, but men in the full sense of the term. In the common vocations of life, in our public schools, in our mechanical, mercantile, and agricultural pursuits, we want men whose integrity is so strongly stamped upon their very lives that one cannot mistake them. Truth and integrity we hold as the prime essence of true manhood.

CHAPTER VIII

NATURAL INFLUENCES

Life is a compound of joy and sorrow, care and neglect, progress and failure, with causes and effects growing out of heredity and environment.

My life has been one of joy and sorrow. Joy because I have found a pass-key in the form of education to take the place of the lost key, the sense of sight. Sorrow because my eyes have never been able to behold the light of day. Wrapped in darkness as I am, many wonder how I am able to progress. It is truly an ill-wind that does not bring somebody a little good fortune. The victory is virtually won as soon as you can become wholly resigned to your lot. The habit of looking on the bright side of affairs is more than half the battle. I must admit that the loss of sight is a great inconvenience; still it is beneficial in many respects. In an assembly my eyes are not scanning the demeanor and dress of the audience; hence it is easier to concentrate my mind on the object for which I am there. Many are the evil attractions placed within range of the eye that are blank to me. I cannot recall a single instance where a twin sister has successfully palmed herself off as the blind man's sweetheart. Every year there is an enormous amount of money spent for sight-seeing; in fact, most of your pleasure is derived from what you can see. Hence

it is necessary to spend large sums of money in that way. Here I have an advantage over you. I probably have avenues through which I can enjoy life as well as you do, by spending little or nothing. I can get a description of what you saw from you, and put my share of sight-seeing money in my pocket. In idle time I am not watching the passersby, nor reading trashy novels, but my mind is busily engaged in thought. Thought is like a mighty river with tributaries on every hand. Progression is like a boat going up that stream which requires constant vigilance and persistent effort to stem the current. Retrogression is like a boat floating with the stream, requiring no effort, no care, nor thought of destiny for the idlers who sit within. By another figure progression is often termed the ladder of fame.

Consider yourself before a high mountain, the sides of which are nearly perpendicular. At the foot there is a sleepy, shiftless city, which we will call Ignorance. On the cliff, thousands of feet above, there is a small but beautiful and thrifty city, which we will designate as Fame. The mayor of the city of Ignorance offers so few inducements that but a small percentage of the public are desirous of spending their lives in that city. But the mayor of the city of Fame is the model advertiser of the world. The prospectus he sends out is concise and offers many inducements. It reads thus: "Come to our city; wealth and power shall be at your command. Ferret out some of the mysteries concealed in nature's

storehouse, such as the power of steam, the force and use of electricity, astronomical observations and calculations, advances in music and art, and in fact all discoveries that may prove useful to man or assist in the progress of civilization. All honor to you, and all others whose path to this city is strewn with noble deeds; history's pages shall shine with your immortality." Many are the persons who reply to this prospectus: "I will report for duty on a certain appointed time." But few there are who are sufficiently persistent to keep their engagement. Why? Because in order to reach the city of Fame it is necessary to climb the ladder of fame, which, as you will see further on, is of no small moment.

For convenience, we will call the right-hand support of our ladder, books. The left-hand support, individual knowledge, or knowledge gained from personal experience. The foundation is observation, from which all knowledge is extracted whether it be by your own research or that of others. If you endeavor to climb by the right-hand support alone, you are sustained only by the observation of others; or if by the left-hand alone, you are supported wholly by your own conclusions. But if you climb in the center between the two, you are sustained by the knowledge acquired from books, together with your own discoveries. As in union there is strength, by this method you would be able to reach the city of Fame with more than one accomplishment.

The steps of this ladder are marks of progression. But the rounds may be weakened or even broken by failures, discontent, discouragements, and the lack of confidence. In such cases repairs should be speedily made and the ascent continued. In the beginning of our ascent we are like Bunyan's pilgrims, burdened with a heavy load, but every victory lightens our burden in a degree commensurate with the victory gained. A prize can never be fully appreciated and enjoyed unless it has been earned. I believe this applies very appropriately in obtaining an education. In this endeavor, privations have often proven an advantage. Do you know that many of our purest, brightest, and greatest men are those whom poverty compelled to labor by day for subsistence and to seek for knowledge by the light of the candle? Do you know that the early settlers of America were those who fled from religious persecution, and where to-day can we find a more progressive people than Americans?

Though deprived of sight, I realized even in childhood that it was necessary for me to rely wholly upon my own resources through life, as my relatives were all poor. As I grew older I thought there was profit and honor in store for me if I could be patient and persistent, and work diligently. With these incentives as a stimulus, I helped pay my expenses through school by sawing wood and carrying it to the second and third stories of the school building. I also wheeled cinders

and spread on the driveways, sorted potatoes, and did sundry other chores about the premises. During vacation I canvassed for books and peddled stationery and notions. It may be interesting to you if I relate a bit of my boyhood business experience. One hot day, while following the latter pursuit, I stopped at a house where I was informed by the head of the family that they did not have a cent. Expressing a desire to rest, he welcomed me. I then told him that it would not trouble me in the least for him to look through my goods, as I desired to thoroughly acquaint myself with unpacking and packing them. He assented, and we went through them in good earnest. The first thing he saw was a sewing companion, which he took quite a fancy to. He said, "Wife, can't you find fifty cents in the bureau drawer?" While she was yet rummaging in search of the money he asked her to see if she could find fifty cents more to buy some handkerchiefs. Of course she found the dollar. By a little extra persuasion and tactics on my part, the wife continued to find money until she had dug six dollars and eighty-five cents out of the poor, penniless bureau drawer.

Having had to work for much of my education, I know how to appreciate what knowledge I possess, and for this reason will use it to the best advantage possible. While it was a sore trial, and life at times seemed to be a burden, yet I shall always be glad that early in life I was cast into the waters and obliged to swim.

Through pride or misguided affection parents often foster a spirit of dependence in their children by over-indulgence, or by not encouraging or compelling them to do more for themselves. Nearly every historic page lays bare the fact that self-made men have been the backbone of invention, the sinew of progression, and the burden-bearers of the world.

Incentives can and ought to be cultivated; but scrupulous care should be taken in this matter, as they are stimulants to action, good or bad. To excel is one of the principal incentives. Yea, at times it even sets a man's soul on fire. In such a state of mind he may die as a martyr to his good principles, or as a cold-blooded murderer for greed.

Reading is perhaps the most potent power in the hands of man to develop incentives. This is the reason why all trashy novels should be burned, and their authors converted. This class of reading is so fascinating that it is all the more dangerous, as it so often perverts and poisons the mind with unwholesome incentives, and more than frequently leads to reckless deeds. Wholesome reading invariably acts the reverse, and should be indulged in freely.

Youthful association is another powerful factor in the cultivation of incentives, which invariably tells mightily in after life. The choice of association is one of the most delicate and difficult problems which parents and young people are compelled to solve. A failure to work

out the proper solution means almost certain destruction, whereas a correct solution is sure to result in the cultivation of such incentives as will make character strong and lead the soul into the richest fields of earth and heaven.

Education embraces all that is meant to develop the mind or increase its store of knowledge. In this example figures more largely than you can imagine until you shall have paused to consider. To practice what you preach is an essential duty of the parent or instructor. Generally speaking, there exists in the disposition of mankind a willingness to offer to another a helping hand in time of need, but, while this is true, the hand is often withdrawn when the help means a sacrifice. Hence we find men more free to give advice than to act the part of the good Samaritan. In the formation of character, example is one of the most powerful factors. Good advice has its weight, but without a good example to accompany it its influence is lost. By our words we may convey to others many important truths, but if our words are not supported by our actions they are comparatively worthless. A father may take special pains to teach his boy virtuous habits, but if he persists in setting a bad example, the boy will invariably follow the father's footsteps rather than his precepts; for whatever children see, they are likely to imitate; hence, we often see the character of the parents duplicated in their offspring. In too many instances the first oath a boy ever

hears comes from his father's lips, and the first drunken man he sees is the same individual. Certain so-called respectable parents were extremely indulgent in lavishing promises to their little son, but seldom verified them. One day they promised to take him out riding with them, at the same time secretly instructing the nurse to toll him out of sight until they could safely seat themselves in the carriage. It so happened that the boy saw them drive past the window. He thereupon made the following remark: "There are two of the damnedest liars in this country." Besides teaching him the art of deceiving, they were instilling within his very being an everlasting feeling of disrespect for his parents. I am even foolish enough to think it wrong to teach children of Santa Claus or any other mythical nonentity, as any deception has a tendency to weaken the conscientious scruples of the growing child. As an example of the lasting effect of parental influence, did you ever notice in experience meetings how many persons refer to their mother's prayers, and how often the memory of those sweet pages in their childhood's journal had restrained them from evil doings? I personally have heard the vilest sinner in times of distress and remorse refer to his mother's prayers and cry like a baby.

An instructor, in order to be successful, must first win the confidence of his students. This accomplished, his pupil is easily led, and the force of the teacher's example will have much to do in the make-up of his pu-

pil's character. It is in the schoolroom where many permanent habits are formed, some good and some bad. For these reasons I consider the teacher next to the parent in responsibility in rearing the child. I fear that we do not carefully consider the importance of selecting teachers, when we remember that a great part of our children's time is spent in the schoolroom, and the lessons they receive there will tell all through life.

The principles inculcated in the mind are lasting, and, whether they be good or bad, many a child carries them forever. How necessary, then, that those having our children in charge should be capable of teaching morality, gentility, and refinement. I fear that there are many teachers who do not realize the criticalness of their position.

One day when seated by the side of a little girl on a westbound Burlington train, she said to me, "I live in Harvard, Neb. Have been visiting my auntie in Omaha for two weeks. Seized with a longing desire to see my Sunday school teacher, I am on my way home this Saturday in order to answer roll-call in my Sunday school class to-morrow." Could that teacher have heard those remarks, she would doubtless have been brought to a full realization of the responsibility which she had taken upon herself.

A few years ago, at a teachers' convention in Detroit, a lady, speaking about the influence of beautiful objects upon the character and conduct of young pupils, told a

pretty story which she had received from an eye-witness. The occurrence took place in a school in New York City. "Into the school, made up chiefly of children from the slums, a teacher one day carried a beautiful calla lily. Of course the children gathered about the pure waxen blossom in great delight. One of them was a little girl, a waif of the streets, who had had no care bestowed upon her, as was evinced by the dirty, ragged condition she was always in. Not only was her clothing dreadfully soiled, but her face and hands seemed totally unacquainted with soap and water. As the little one drew near the lovely flower she suddenly turned and ran away, down the stairs and out of the building. In a few minutes she returned with her hands washed perfectly clean, and pushed her way up to the flower, where she stood and admired it with intense satisfaction. It would seem," continued Miss Coffin, "that when the child saw the lily in its white purity, she suddenly realized that she was not fit to come into its atmosphere, and the little thing fled away to make herself suitable for such companionship." Did not this have an elevating and refining influence on the child? Let us gather all the beauty we can into the schoolroom and the home. By our example we may lead men to live noble lives; or by the same influence we may lead them into the lowest depths of degradation.

We will suppose that there is a community into which a young man comes who appears to be upright and hon-

est, and whose pleasing manners and address at once gain for him a prominent position in society. Yet he is a wolf in sheep's clothing. He selects for his companions those over whom he can exert the most power, and gradually, by his pernicious conduct, he weakens their regard for the right, and, before they or their friends are aware of the danger, he has ruined them.

A general who is willing to share the same hardships as his soldiers retains their full confidence and respect; and if he encourages them by his presence and example on the battlefield he may lead them to many a brilliant victory, as, for his sake, they would sacrifice their life blood.

No person can be of so little importance that his acts will not have their influence for good or evil. Samuel Smiles said in his excellent advice to young people, "No man's acts die utterly. His good or his bad deeds will be bearing fruit after their kind." A thoughtful man, therefore, will see to it that his example does not lead his friends, associates, or children along the road to ruin, but, on the contrary, that it shall be such as will incite them to a life of virtue. The considerate parent will see to it that his conduct does not give the lie to his teaching; the minister of God that what he preaches from the pulpit shall be exemplified by his own life.

CHAPTER IX

HINTS ON EDUCATION

Relative to the importance of early education, what is there on earth that delights one more than a well-trained family of children? We no sooner enter into their company than we are delighted with their pleasant voices. Their very presence seems to throw sunshine all around us; even their laugh is cheerful, not boisterous. Their questions and answers are all polite and graceful, and at the table, with what grace and ease they handle both knife and fork. As I see them thus seated with father and mother, I say, Surely this is the happiest family on earth. I draw near to the parents to say, "Oh, what a lovely family of children. How did you manage to raise them so well?" "Oh," says the mother, "we commenced early; we always speak gently to them, but taught them very young that they must obey; and that once learned we had no more trouble. We always tried to set a good example before them. We started them to school at an early age, and pointed out the advantage of a good education. If they at times came home with complaints about their teacher, I would say in a gentle way, 'Do as you teacher says, and it will be well in the end.' " I have known some parents who would listen to their children speaking ill of their teacher and would say harsh things against the instructor themselves be-

fore the children; then wonder why their children did not get along better in school, when the fact is the parents are the ones to blame for the children's rudeness at home and at school. Cause a pupil, if possible, to love his teacher, and that child will learn. There is not a problem in mathematics that is too hard for him; his lessons are always well studied.

Education develops the mind and enlarges the brain, thereby making the child more useful, not only to himself but to all with whom he associates. Education gives that polish which nothing else can give. It is something that will stay by one when wealth and prosperity take the wings of the morning and leave one standing in this cold world alone. Education is the fulcrum on which rests the lever that is destined to move the whole world. 'Tis education that alone can qualify one for the best of society and the high positions in life. We notice a few of the great men of this nation who never could have climbed the ladder of fame to its topmost round without the grand fulcrum and lever of education. George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Noah Webster, and many others owe their success to education. Yet education does not consist of books alone; one must have practical knowledge of real life in all its phases, as Lincoln had. It is important to know how to solve a problem in mathematics; so it is important to know how to run the reaper, the mower, and to handle the plow as well. When we notice the grand results

which have been achieved by and through education, our hearts thrill with admiration and we rejoice and feel proud that we are Americans. And we are proud to know that the poorest, plainest, and humblest schoolboy may, through correct education, attain to the presidential chair, or grace the senate chamber. When we look back but a few short years we are astonished and dumb-founded at the advancement that has been made in so short a time in the arts and sciences, in agriculture, in horticulture, in architecure—in fact, in everything, and we ask why it is. Because education has taken a higher stand; her foundation has been broadened; her wings are being spread out and are destined to encircle the world.

Education does not consist merely of knowledge of books, though that is the corner-stone on which to build one of the grandest structures in this glorious world. I fear that the student of to-day depends too largely upon this source of information, and does not stop to consider what laurels he might win through his individual efforts by observing for himself. The *Scientific American* says: "The way to invent is to keep thinking; to thought add practical experiments; examine things about you and study how to improve them. Keep your eyes and ears open, ask questions, and be a continual seeker for useful information. Those who do this soon acquire a knowledge of the sciences and insensibly become educated." If I were to stand before you, and, in

as eloquent words as the English language affords, portray the condition of one without sight, you would then only know what I have said; but if you were to experiment by putting out your own eyes you could bring yourself to a full realization of utter darkness. Thus it is that knowledge acquired wholly from books is simply taking for granted what you have heard or read, without any personal knowledge as to its truth or falsity.

Facts drawn from this source, books, are virtually filling for the mind, while facts drawn from personal observations verify, strengthen, and expand the filling. By cultivating in youth the habit of being a natural observer, in later years it becomes second nature, and is of inestimable value. At the same time you cultivate a retentive memory. Consequently, you will always be well informed on any subject of which you are a close observer. To illustrate: A is in business. B, a stranger to A, passes by. C comes along in search of B and asks A if he has seen such a man as would answer B's description. From a single glance, at the passer-by A replied, "Yes, sir," and could give almost as good a description of B as C could, who had been intimately acquainted with B from infancy. A could do this readily because he had thoroughly cultivated the art of being a keen observer. When two men are describing a new country to another, the one whose eyes see much, yet retain little, usually gives a very unsatisfactory idea, as it is only a general outline; while the other, who has culti-

vated the habit of observing closely from his youth up, will in his account give full and complete details, such as speaking of little towns, hills, valleys, streams, odd-appearing houses, timber patches, etc., thus placing before the listener a perfect picture of the territory, and should the hearer ever visit the spot described he would at once recognize the scene as readily as though he had seen it before.

My chances of drawing from this source of information are extremely limited, as I am obliged to depend wholly upon sound and touch; yet I would not take all of Bryan's "free silver" or McKinley's "gold" for what I have been able to accomplish by means of these two avenues. By sound I can, as a rule, tell what is going on in a room or an adjoining room, if the door is open. Some young ladies and gentlemen are prepared to testify to this, as I have given some of their actions away when they have considered themselves safe in my presence. I distinguish between peeling potatoes and apples by the hollow sound of the apples as compared with the potato; cutting cabbage by the dragging, brittle, crackling sound; or meat by the greasy sound as the knife passes through it, or by scent. I discern the different articles one is preparing to cook, such as beans, rice, and dried fruits, by the sound in handling; or the different cooking vessels used by the ring. I know when the house-wife is making beds by the sound of the clothing, or sewing by hand when I hear the needle and thread passing through the cloth. I

acquire much knowledge from natural causes impossible to explain. I have often noticed things which eyes have not detected. February 8, 1896, some friends met me at Pawnee Station, Kan. While we were talking of a message not delivered, I remarked, "There comes the agent, now." Being a stranger in the place and without sight, my friends wanted to know how I knew the agent. Because I heard him lock the station door and pick up the mail sack. By words, actions, and voice I judge character as accurately as those with sight. I use both sound and touch in forming ideas of every place I visit. After writing a description of my explorations in Wind Cave, I presented it to an advertising examiner of one of our railroads, who, after perusal, remarked, "Out of over fifty descriptions of Wind Cave this is the most instructive, because you give such a vivid idea of its shape and general construction and describe the action of the current in such a peculiar manner, and because you locate moisture and the absence of moisture, give the temperature, and mention a species of small insects as being the only thing of animal kind found in it; and this cave being the only place in the world where the box-work formation is found. These items are not found in any other article on the subject. Though they are small, yet they add reality to the description and draw a perfect picture of the cave.

The more avenues one may use in the acquirement of knowledge, the more interest he will manifest in his

work. A man cannot lead a successful business career unless he is interested in his business and uses every endeavor to attract and interest his customers. Neither can a child advance with any degree of satisfaction unless something is done to attract and interest him. All children are naturally adapted to some vocation, which is usually manifest in their choice of playthings. This inclination, if carefully watched and wisely taken advantage of in training the child, would add greatly to the number of useful lives. It is surprising to note how many valuable lessons may be taught in play without detracting from the interest. This being true, parents cannot miss the mark by enticing their children to make choice of such playthings and playmates as will assist them in preparing for their life work. What if they should bend a few nails, split a few boards, and dull the hatchet and saw? Will you not be paid a thousand times when you see your boy become a mechanic? By this I do not mean to encourage reckless destruction of property. A boy may dull his father's ax in chopping wood to cook a meal. Let the ax be dulled and the boy's foot bleed, if need be, if this will help him to hit the mark when he becomes a man. What is more pitiable than a strong young man who does not know how to do anything well?

I would deem it wise for parents to take their children to fairs, animal shows, museums, public parks, and all other places of elevating interest, and to explain to them, in as attractive and instructive a manner as possible,

everything connected with these places, especially the exhibits in which they are particularly interested. This will create in the mind of the child a thirst for knowledge and a desire to find out everything he can for himself, thus fostering a spirit of independence and substantial practical activity.

I have experimented in teaching children to have a certain place for everything, which has proven beneficial in many ways in after life. For instance, they could move about the house in the darkness as easily as myself, and readily lay their hands on any desired article. I taught a young relative to memorize music as I do, and now he can play a piece of new music in total darkness after a few rehearsals from the book. If the mothers of children could all be made to realize the importance and helpfulness of persistent, watchful training of the senses and faculties, and see to the development and cultivation of the better traits of character in their little ones, the after-work of education would be much easier and the result more satisfactory.

The attention of the child should be aroused, his interest awakened, and the spirit of observation and obedience fostered. Since all persons are adapted by nature to some vocation in life, the selecting of employment should, in all cases, harmonize with the natural ability. A failure to do this has frequently defeated the ambition of bright intellects. When you shall have chosen your vocation, you will have an incentive that will assist you in over-

coming failures, brush away discontent, encourage when discouraged, and strengthen your confidence.

To illustrate the mischoice of employment: A farmer had two sons. One, the elder, the father educated for the ministry, against his will. He compelled the younger son, who prayed that he might be educated for the ministry, to work on the farm in order to keep his brother in college. The elder son did the best he could to meet the demands of his father, and was, in a degree, successful. The younger son, after leaving the parental roof, followed the inspiration of his heart, despite his meager education. He lived some two hundred miles from his father, who visited him in due time. On his return home his neighbors accosted him with the question, "Did you hear James preach?" "Yes." "Which can touch the soul the quicker, James or John?" He replied, "I made an artificial preacher out of John, and doted much on his success, but I tell you candidly and honestly that the preacher God Almighty made is far the greater man."

The faltering one may say, "There is no place in the world for me to do anything for the benefit of my fellow beings." This is surely a sad mistake. Let us see. In religious discussions I have often been asked the question, especially by skeptics, if I did not consider God very unmerciful or unjust to suffer me to remain afflicted as I am. At first I knew not how to answer, but since I have attained the age of manhood, and am capable of staring life and its realities squarely in the face, I find that

the Infinite One has laudable reasons for permitting these things to be so, and that He has work for us all to do. Shoulder arms! Wheel into line!

You will admit that it takes a mighty effort, and all devices of ways and means, for morality to prevail. If by your example of contentment with your lot, your spirit of hopefulness, your determined, ceaseless, humble effort, you succeed in leading some one or more to a higher plane of living, your life will not have been in vain. The earlier one can form a clear conception of his natural adaptations, the easier it will be for him to qualify himself for an active and successful career. It is *needful* to possess a general knowledge of all things; but it is *essential* that he possess a special knowledge of his chosen field and its work. For this reason educators and school boards hold very responsible positions, as it is their duty to plan and develop a school system which will fit and qualify the rising generation to fight the battles of life creditably.

Now, I do not wish to be an antagonistic critic. But intemperance in eating, drinking, or studying is one of the greatest known evils, as it loads the stomach, system, or brain, as the case may be, with more than it is capable of digesting. Though many educators may not agree with me, yet I feel that the evil of intemperance is gradually creeping into our school system. Not for the purpose of antagonizing, but to give the educators and patrons something to think about concerning this intem-

perance, I give the following article by A. L. Bixby, a member of the editorial staff of the *Nebraska State Journal*.

"AN OPEN LETTER.

"To the common school graduates and those who have pulled through high school and are ready for college:

"DEAR GRADUATES—I never could understand why the close of a scholastic dispensation was called a 'commencement,' but your teachers have no doubt informed you that it is so designated because the real business of life begins when school lets out. To many school life, while it lasts, is full of monotony and of tasks that are distasteful, if not absolutely repugnant. But there will come a time, dating not later than next summer, when you will look back upon the days passed in the schoolroom, or out upon the grassy lawn playing shinny, as the very happiest days of your fitful and fretful existence. Schools are not as they used to be, when I was on earth the first time, and the main idea was to inculcate with all speed those material facts and principles which would best subserve the purpose of people in the general business transactions of life. Your methods now are calculated to subserve the grand purpose of a symmetrical development of mind and body, and if you live to get through high school you are entitled to enter the university whether qualified or not. In the common schools of thirty years ago we were taught reading, writing, arithmetic, history, grammar, spelling,

and some facts in physiology not particularly associated with the ruinous effects of various toxics upon the human organism. Strange as it may seem to the present intellectual (and I might say physical) generation to whom these remarks are addressed, the old style of instruction used to develop some model readers, fine Spencerian writers, fluent spellers, accurate mathematicians, fairly learned historians—if I may use that expression of those merely versed in history—and grammarians as awkward in the use of language as any of you who may imagine you know exactly how it should be said. In the branches of learning supposed to be indispensable in other, and to me much happier, days, interest is not now nearly so keen. The common school curriculum covers so large a territory that there is no time for drill in spelling, or acquiring the art of reading understandingly, or gleaning such historical knowledge as may give one some idea of the important epochs which are really worth remembering. You who now, after ten consecutive years of studious effort, are ready to enter high school have had a varied and I hope a useful experience. You have learned to pronounce a great many words with a foreign accent your fond parents may never hope to acquire. You may march and keep step with military precision. You can mould the figure of the Cardiff giant in clay so that by labeling it “a man” it would not be easily mistaken for an ox. If your teachers have not been remiss in the performance of duty, you can draw the imitation of an oak leaf in crayon, if you

have the leaf from which to pattern or another drawing which approximates accuracy as a guide to your artful efforts. You have long had the benefit of instruction in vocal music, and, though less than ten per cent of you have voices more musical than the hoot of a white owl, you all ought to be able to tell the number of full notes and seminotes in the musical scale, and be able to name them all when written in the key of C. This information may never be of any real value to you, but it has cost the district a pile of money and you a tremendous lot of time, and you should freeze to it. You who have been spawned from the ward schools may not be very well equipped for the manifold duties of an active business life, but you are entitled to enter the high school, put in four more happy years fitting yourselves to enter the university, if your bow-backed parents are able to keep you going any longer. If you have finished the high school course you have a fine smattering of geometry, trigonometry, physics, Latin, German, algebra, bookkeeping, calisthenics, football, and ancient and modern history, mostly ancient. You have a glimmering conception of visualization and characterization and basketball. You know a little of everything and not much of anything, but the mental discipline has been good for you, and you are in shape to take advantage of having ripened in an accredited school and may, if there seem to be any years of life remaining, enter the state university and learn to read Virgil in the original tongue and translate it for the edification of

those who are struggling to learn to do the same thing. The 'accredited' high school does not aim to qualify you in any department for the active duties of life. Its purpose is to expand your intellectual boundaries that you may store away vast gobs of knowledge if you ever have time and inclination to stock up according to the increased capacity for salting down. A large percentage of you will take the equipment you now possess and go out to battle with the world in the very steady if not strenuous struggle for something to eat. I am sorry that while you have a little of everything you are scarcely a proficient in anything. You have more general knowledge than your fond parents, and I imagine you will put in a great deal of time making a display of your erudition for their discomfiture. I know it would be hard to convince you that you have anything more to learn, but you will ascertain for yourselves by and by that you have scarcely made a beginning. The adroit man of affairs learns something new every day, and remembers it unless it happens that he is a speculator on the board of trade. In that event he isn't supposed to remember anything or to learn anything, though he live to be as old as Uncle Jake.

"In conclusion let me say that, while I think that the present school system might be greatly improved by eliminating many useless features, I would not have it construed that the modern methods of imparting information deserve the wholesale reprobation of

"BIX."

We American people have thus far shown ourselves to be extremely progressive. It is the sacred desire of our hearts to continue this record, and even break it if possible. The object of our schools is to generate and cultivate thrift and stability in our offspring. In the foregoing article you will notice many things embraced in our present school system which are more than useless in after life, since they have a tendency to degenerate rather than strengthen character. Meditate! Do not these superfluities develop a spirit of flippant sportiveness rather than manly patriotism? Notice the nothingness, yea, hideousness, of our college yells and some of our songs, such as "Hot Time in the Old Town" and "We are Going to Skip College To-morrow." Nearly three thousand years ago the patriarch David and all the hosts of Israel sang, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors and the King of glory shall come in." Note the difference. What progress have we made in all these years along this line? Dividing one's time between the useless and the useful produces indolence and a weaker character than constant application to matters of genuine merit would do. The reader will say, You are crying disease, but not recommending any cure. Eliminate everything from our school system not essential to the development of strong men and women. I favor an industrial department in our schools, teaching all kinds of manual labor. This might be an excellent substitute for some of our athletic exercises. And even more, the stu-

dent will have one more resource when he comes to the active duties of life. Without exception, thoroughly qualified teachers should be employed.

To children and students let me say: Often in my spell-bound meditations of the shifting, meandering scenes of life, my heart-strings are touched with sadness to think of the many persons, even of my own acquaintance, who have passed into eternity without knowing or ever dreaming of the possibilities that were within them, and the thousands I meet, in whose bearing I discover valuable latent talents, of which they are wholly ignorant themselves.

Life is short, at best. It behooves us, therefore, to make every edge cut. A moment unimproved is a moment forever lost. An opportunity passed never returns. A gentleman viewing a picture in an art gallery, seeing that its face was veiled and that it had wings on its feet, inquired of his guide, "What does this picture represent?" "Opportunity." "But why is it veiled?" "Because opportunity is seldom recognized when she appears." "But why wings on her feet?" "Because she quickly flies away."

The generations before you have climbed high the ladder of fame, but they have by no means reached the topmost round. It is your duty at least to climb one step higher. The field of honor and progress lies limitless before you. Your parents are lavishing upon you superior appliances such as schools, buildings, books, and appa-

ratus to aid you in following their footsteps with credit, and surpassing them to the extent of your ability. Lay hold of these appliances with a will, that their cup of expectation may be filled to the brim and overflow ; that at the end of your race you may be laid to rest with an unblemished character and "a crown of glory that shall ne'er fade away."

CHAPTER X

EDUCATION OF THE BLIND

Children are creatures of imitation; therefore much of their education is obtained by observing and imitating others. Since the divers appearance and the innumerable acts and gestures of others can only be witnessed by sight, blind children are, by the nature of their deprivation, debarred from one of the most prolific sources of information.

True, affectionate friends may, by vigilant perseverance, teach the blind child much that seeing children would learn with little or no assistance; but I regret to note that a majority of such children are allowed to grow up in ignorance of the prevailing manners and customs of polite society through the misguided affections or apathetic indifference of those having them in charge. Blind children who are thus neglected will naturally acquire ways peculiarly their own, which in mingling with others will make them at least obnoxious to society, as well as unpleasantly conspicuous. The earlier in life good manners and correct habits are formed, the more easily and gracefully are they practiced. And they do much to secure for any person a position in good society and to qualify them for associating with the cultivated and refined. But when awkward habits are permitted through childhood, it is difficult, if not impossible, to eradicate them in the afternoon of life.

Blind children should be allowed and encouraged to mingle and play with other children, as it makes life more pleasant for them, and will be a lasting object lesson to their playmates, teaching them to sympathize with rather than to make light of the unfortunate. Parents should make a special effort in teaching blind children to depend upon themselves as much as possible; teach the boys to do chores, such as carrying wood, drawing water, caring for the stock, and so forth; the girls, to do all kinds of housework. Take them with you to fairs and other places of interest. Put their hands on those objects found on exhibition, and patiently explain to them all you can. Teach them to make their own toilet neatly, to be courteous and polite, to use their knife and fork properly, to strictly observe all rules of table etiquette, and to go to their neighbors' houses alone.

The relative proportion of the blind to the seeing is so small that people in general know but little of their needs or capacities. Previous to the establishment of schools for the blind the opinion prevailed that nothing could be done to educate or elevate this class of persons; consequently they were left largely in a state of mendicancy.

All through the pages of history we find that there has been an occasional educated blind man. But the first successful effort to establish an exclusive school for the blind was made in Paris, 1784, by one whose name will live forever on the list of public benefactors—that of Valentine Haüy. All blind persons having received an

education in a like institution should remember that name with a feeling of inexpressible gratitude, for it is through his influence and efforts that our eyes of understanding are now opened. He was first inspired to this work by seeing a company of blind musicians playing on the streets, who, to attract more attention of the passers-by, wore spectacles with the glasses removed, and placed music before them as if they were reading. It was the ridiculous pretensions of this band of musicians that moved Haüy's sympathies and compassion and caused him to start a school for the blind and to devote the remainder of his days wholly to the work of their education. He therefore opened a school at the above named date and place in France, with but one pupil, whom he was obliged to hire. But I am glad to note that the experiment was a winning success, for by the end of his first year his school increased to twenty-five free pupils. In 1791 the National Assembly passed a decree putting this institution under the charge of the state. A change in the administration of France obliged Haüy to leave this school which had grown up under his fostering care. While this proved seriously detrimental to the blind of France for a time, yet this is one instance where the misfortunes of some proved blessings to others, for Haüy then left France and directed his attention to establishing schools in Germany and Russia. The important work that this philanthropist did for the blind has, since his death, been more fully realized, and his statue has been conspicuously placed in the first institution he founded.

The first institution of Great Britain was established in Liverpool, 1791. There are now in Great Britain and Ireland thirty-nine institutions for their education and employment.

The first schools in this country were established in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia in 1832, New York taking the lead. There are at present in the United States thirty-two institutions for their education, with an aggregate number of twenty-nine hundred in attendance.

In order that you may understand the spirit that actuated the prime movers in the education of the blind in this country, we copy the petition offered in the New York legislature in the year 1831 by seventeen prominent citizens of that state:

"The petition of the subscribers, inhabitants of the City of New York, respectfully represents: That an association has been formed in this city for the purpose of establishing an institution to improve the moral and intellectual condition of the blind, and to instruct them in such mechanical employments as are best adapted to persons in such conditions.

"Schools have been established in various parts of Europe to give instruction to children who have been born blind, or have become so by disease or accident in early life. Various trades are connected with these establishments to employ the unfortunate blind when of suitable age, and who would otherwise be left in listless inactivity, mere ciphers or blanks in society. The first

object of this association will be to ascertain what can be done to ameliorate their condition; how, and to what extent, by educating the young, and providing employment for those who shall be found proper subjects of such an institution. It is a well-known fact that the deprivation of sight quickens the sense of feeling, and in some instances has been known to exalt the intellectual faculties.

"It has been ascertained that in some parts of Europe the blind are in proportion to one to every thousand of inhabitants, and by inquiries made in Massachusetts, a similar proportion has been found to exist in the states east of New York. If the same proportion should be found in this state, the number of blind might be estimated at nearly two thousand. A desire to recover them from degradation and ignorance, and to raise them to a rank of usefulness, actuates the members of this association.

"Wherefore they solicit that the honorable, the legislature, will grant an act of incorporation to the said association, by the name and style of The New York Institution for the Blind, for which, as in duty bound, your petitioners will esteem it a particular favor.

"New York, 28th March, 1831."

In securing an education the blind have many disadvantages to contend with, but as a thief breaks a safe for its treasures, so many of the ambitious blind crack the door of knowledge and come out from the darkness of

night with many a brilliant achievement in store for their future. It will perhaps seem incredible to many of my readers when I make the following assertion, yet it is a fact that cannot be substantially disputed: Place two ambitious boys, one who sees and one who does not, simultaneously under the same instructor, who is versed in both methods of teaching; give to each the conveniences according to his needs, and the one who does not see will complete his course as quickly as the one who does, and when they both shall have received their diplomas, the former will tell you more without referring to the book or use of pencil than the latter, as the blind do not depend upon these tributaries to knowledge as do the seeing. Here a short sketch of how the blind are educated may be interesting.

We have two systems of raised letters, the line and the point,—the former is similar to the common print and the latter one of dots, similar to the Morse telegraph table. This system is used for both writing and reading, also for copying music, hence it is one of the indispensable conveniences in educating the blind. As time goes on the number of text-books for the blind is on the increase; but a few years ago those helps were extremely limited, hence most of the work was oral. Our maps are raised or dissecting. The blocks in the dissecting maps represent states, provinces, or nations. Rough, elevated surface for mountains, creases for rivers, large heads of tacks for capitals, and smaller heads for other towns or cities.

We have models of our solar system that we use in our astronomy classes. We use plaster of paris models of the different parts of the human body to illustrate our lessons in anatomy.

The work in mathematics is wholly mental. It would be surprising to many of my readers to see how quickly some of our students will solve the most difficult problems in the higher branches of mathematics. We are taught to read with both hands, the right to trace the line and give partial knowledge of what is coming, while the left deciphers the actual matter contained in the lines. Our best readers cannot read quite as rapidly as one would commonly speak. Before the music point system came in vogue, a teacher was obliged to read to us, each note separately, which was necessary for us to commit to memory; consequently our progress was slow, as we only had two half-hour lessons each week. Though it is still necessary to commit our music to memory previous to executing, yet it is an inexpressible convenience to be able to copy it, as we can then take our own time to perfect ourselves in the lesson without overtaxing the instructor.

In receiving vocal or choir instructions, the chorister reads the syllables, do, ra, mi, etc., together with the value of the notes. After becoming accustomed to the system and the demeanor of their chorister, the students will learn very rapidly, and in an incredibly short space of time are prepared to sing, with ease, the most difficult

music, and would not fear to display their musical abilities in the most celebrated music halls of our land. While the fact that we are compelled to acquire most of our literary and musical education mentally is a slight hindrance in the rapidity of progress, it is also an advantage, as it cultivates the mind to retain important events, a record of daily doings, dates, and principal facts in reading or listening to reading. For example, at the end of each month I can, with very few exceptions, if any, tell you even the least item of my month's business, without referring to any books; likewise at the end of the year all the important transactions, together with their dates. I have often, in conversation, referred to dates several years back, and on examination of my records found that I was correct.

In the industrial department of our school the girls are instructed in general housework, and are required to take care of their own rooms; instructed in all kinds of handiwork, such as making bead work, crocheting, knitting, sewing, etc. In this work they use the sense of touch altogether. They learn to thread their own needles by placing the eye of the needle and the end of the thread together on the end of their tongue, as that is the most sensitive instrument of the body. Many of them become expert in the art of sewing on the machine, most of their work being as well done as though they could see. In arranging colors in bead work, where the size is uniform, they place each colored bead before them in a separate

box, then place beads of one color here and so many there, hence the regularity of color in their work. They get the beads on the wire by running the end of it amongst them. Some people have an idea that they take them up in their fingers, one by one, but that would be an endless task. When they were first educated in this art they were taught to place the beads in their mouths, but this was objectionable as well as tedious. The case of fancy work in our reception room is one of the principal objects that attracts the attention of our visitors in their meanderings over the premises. It is very encouraging to us to note the pleased expression and intense interest in our work manifested by our visitors.

The boys are taught to make brooms, hammocks, and to cane-seat chairs; in some schools to make mattresses and brushes. While the boys cannot do this work as rapidly as those who see, it is usually well done. Some of the best workmen can tie a broom in from five to seven minutes, and bottom a common chair with cane in about five hours.

The courses of study vary in our schools, but they run about as in other schools. After graduation many of our students reach out for more knowledge by attending institutions of higher learning or by taking a post-graduate course. Our schools are established and kept up by the state, hence there is no charge for either tuition or board, clothing and incidentals being the only tax upon the purse of the scholars or their friends.

The public asks, Does this free system give a fair remuneration to the taxpayers for the outlay of their money?

Most emphatically, yes, from the single fact that all, as a rule, become self-supporting and useful citizens, who would, without these facilities thus furnished by the state, become a charge upon the community during their whole lives, whereas they are only a charge during the short time they are engaged in acquiring an education. The average length of time spent by the blind in our institutions is about nine years, at an annual expense of \$150, or a total expense of \$1,350 each. The average duration of life after that period would be about twenty-five years. At the same expense per year during this time the amount would be \$3,750, which is all saved by making them self-sustaining.

Another point is that persons thus afflicted may, and often do, contribute largely to the advancement of literature, science, music, and art, as you will notice from the many instances to which we call your attention in these pages. A well-developed mind is the "pearl of great price" to man. Hence, when this development can be accomplished by the expenditure of the few dollars necessary, it is, in our estimation, poor economy to be parsimonious in the outlay.

To the class of people under consideration, of which I am a member, let me say a few words: God has put it into the heart of man to improve your condition by the

establishment of these institutions for your education. In His name do not let these great advantages pass by unheeded, but avail yourselves of the opportunities thus afforded, and make the best of your lot. Prove to the public that their money has been well expended, and that you appreciate their efforts in your behalf.

•

CHAPTER XI

CONCERNING HELEN KELLER

Doubtless most of you have heard of Helen Keller, the blind and deaf girl who has been rendered famous by the triumph of special sense development over her infirmities. When the achievements of the Nineteenth century shall be tabulated the wonderful work of Dr. Howe will not be very far from the head of the column of benefactors.

There is nothing recorded in the annals of history to transcend the astonishing heights that were attained by the persistence and skill which this knight errant of humanity showed in the deliverance of Laura Bridgman from the dreadful prison of ever-enduring darkness and dreary stillness. The success of his courageous efforts to roll away the ponderous stone from the door of the sepulchre wherein the faculties of this hapless human being were entombed was a glorious triumph for our civilization and an incalculable gain for the philosophy of education. The commanding voice which said, "Come forth," to the buried mind of a blind deaf-mute, and was obeyed, reached the loftiest degree of eminence known to history. From sparks stolen from heaven he kindled the flame of intelligent life and knowledge in what else had been mere forms of clay, and brought these into free communication with their fellow crea-

tures. A firm believer in the sovereign potency of the mind, he plunged into the task of beating into dust the mountain of difficulties, and of obtaining the gem hidden under them, with a dauntless spirit of resolution and without the least fear or doubt as to the final result.

There was nothing on record that could give him even a clue to a course of procedure in what the world pronounced a hopeless undertaking. He came out of it victorious, and paved the way for his successors to travel.

Much of Helen Keller's triumph, therefore, is due to the discovery made by Dr. Howe in the mode of educating such persons. The principal trend of her early instructions was similar to those used in educating Laura Bridgman. Hence there would be a sameness in rehearsing Helen Keller's early training.

Helen Adams Keller was born at Tuscumbia, Ala., in 1880. Her natural afflictions resulted from sickness in infancy. She was placed under the instruction of a teacher from the Perkins Institution for the Blind, at Boston, and her progress in education was so remarkable that she was taken to that institution, where Dr. Howe's method with Laura Bridgman was followed in the main. The case attracted widespread interest, and every means to facilitate her development was used. She speedily mastered audible speech, and in 1897 passed the preliminary examination for admission to Radcliffe College.

Miss Annie M. Sullivan was the teacher mentioned above. She has written a beautiful general description for, "Helen Keller's Souvenir, No. 2, Volta Bureau, Washington, D. C.," of the ways and means she used in educating her. It also treats of practical points of general education which I have not yet touched on in this volume, so I will insert a few extracts taken from this article.

She writes: "At first the words, phrases, and sentences which she used in expressing her thoughts were all reproductions of what we had used in conversation with her, and which her memory had unconsciously retained. And indeed this is true of the language of all children. Their language is the memory of the language they hear in their homes. Countless repetitions of the conversation of daily life have impressed certain words and phrases upon their memories, and, when they come to talk themselves, memory supplies the words they lisp. In order to use language intelligently one must have something to talk *about*, and having something to talk about is the result of general culture. No amount of language-training will enable our little children to use language with ease and fluency unless they have something clearly in their minds which they wish to communicate, or unless we succeed in awakening in them a desire to know what is in the minds of others.

"She had one advantage over ordinary children—nothing from without distracted her attention; so that

each new thought made upon her mind a distinct impression, which was rarely forgotten. At first I did not attempt to confine my pupil to any systematic course of study. I felt that she would accomplish more if allowed to follow her own natural impulses. I always tried to find out what interested her most, and made that the starting point for the new lesson, whether or not it had any bearing on the lesson I had planned to teach; and her eager inquiries often led us far away from the subject with which we began. During the first two years of her intellectual life, I required Helen to write very little. In order to write with profit to himself, a child must have something to write about, and having something to write about necessitates some mental preparation. The memory must be stored with ideas, and the mind must be enriched with knowledge before writing becomes a natural and pleasurable effort. Too often, I think, children are required to write before they have anything to say. Teach them to think and read and talk without self-repression, and they will write without self-consciousness.

"Very early in her education I led her to observe and describe flowers and animals. A flower or insect often furnished material for a long and intensely interesting language lesson. I would catch an insect and allow Helen to examine its tiny wings, antennae, and plump little body; then she would open her hand, and, bidding it a tender good-bye, let it fly away in the sunshine. Helen

says, in speaking of her early education, 'I did not have regular lessons then, as I do now. I just learned about everything—about flowers and trees, how they absorbed the dew and sunshine; about animals, their names and all their secrets; "how the beavers built their lodges, where the squirrels hid their acorns, how the reindeer ran so swiftly, why the rabbit was so timid." Once I went to a circus, and teacher described to me the wild animals and the countries where they live. I fed the elephants and monkeys, patted a sleepy lion, and sat on a camel's back. I was very much interested in the wild animals, and approached them without fear, for they seemed to me a part of the great, beautiful country I was exploring.' The vegetable garden and her mother's flower garden, her numerous pets, and the domestic animals were a never-ending source of instruction and enjoyment to her; and in thus being brought in close touch with nature she learned to feel as if every blade of grass had a history, and to think of every bud as if it were a little child, and knew and loved her. I did not attempt to make these lessons in zoology and botany formally scientific. I introduced them early in her education for the purpose of cultivating her observation, furnishing themes for thought, and to fill her mind with beautiful pictures and inspiring ideals. Material for language lessons, knowledge of facts, and greater power of expression were ends obtained through these lessons; but they were not the most important aims.

"I believe every child has hidden away somewhere in its being noble qualities and capacities which may be quickened and developed if we go about it in the right way; but we shall never properly develop the higher nature of our little ones while we continue to fill their minds with the so-called rudiments. Mathematics will never make them loving, nor will the accurate knowledge of the size and shape of the world help them to appreciate its wondrous beauties. Let us lead them then, during the first years they are entrusted to our care, to find their greatest pleasure in nature, by training them to notice everything, familiar or strange, in our walks with them through the fields, the wood, on the hill-tops, by the sea-shore. The child who loves and appreciates the wonders of the outdoor world will never have room in his heart for the mean and low. Such a child will have risen to a higher plane, and in a wise study of God's laws in Nature he will ever find his highest joy."

She also says that books have played a very important part in Helen's education, that the ease and fluency with which she uses language are, in a large part, due to the fact that embossed books were placed in her hands as soon as she had learned the letters.

Concerning the value and companionship of books to her, Helen says: "I read my first story on May Day, and ever since books and I have been loving friends and inseparable companions. They have made a bright world of thought and beauty all around me; they have

been my faithful teacher in all that is good and beautiful; their pages have carried me back to ancient times and shown me Egypt, Greece, Rome; they have introduced me to kings, heroes, and gods; and they have revealed to me great thoughts, great deeds. Is it strange that I love them?"

Helen's mind is of the highest order. Its activity is unremitting and its grasp most powerful. It neither tires nor faints in its travels in the regions of thought and knowledge.

She leaps to conclusions with startling rapidity. Things come to her by true inspiration.

No one can appreciate a situation with finer and more delicate instinct or understand things more quickly than she does, catching up their meaning instantly, and expressing it with marvelous happiness of insight.

She is always ready to discourse with fluency on plants and flowers, on animals and birds, on the blue sky and the heavenly bodies, on countries and cities, on mountains and rivers, and various historical facts. Moreover, by constant exercise of her faculties she has acquired that capacity for viewing, assorting, and arranging the facts within her knowledge, which is the essence of culture.

Helen is possessed of such an acute and penetrating understanding that nothing escapes her notice. Her faculty of remembering things is not less remarkable. Helen's mind seems to have created itself, springing up

under every disadvantage, and working its solitary but resistless way through a thousand obstacles. Memory may be divided into three classes, namely, the mechanical, the ingenious, and the judicious. Helen's unquestionable ability to learn by heart and to remember things either by introducing artificial connecting links among them or by means of their natural relation in thought shows that she possesses all these three varieties.

She passed the Harvard examinations for admission to Radcliffe College in June, 1899.

For one year she studied in the Gilman Preparatory School for Girls, entering the regular classes and doing the same work as the other girls. Miss Sullivan, whom she calls a part of herself, so close has been their association, sat beside her and spelled with finger-signs everything that was said during the lesson. As many of the books as could be got in raised print, and many especially made for her in England, Miss Keller read by herself. Others were read to her by her teacher. Schiller's "William Tell," "As You Like It," and Burke's "Speech on Conciliation," she particularly enjoyed. In 1897 she passed the college examinations in German, French, Latin, English, and Greek, and Roman history, and took honors in German and English. Mr. Gilman says that no candidate in Harvard or Radcliffe was graded higher in English that year than this girl to whom so much has been denied.

The rest of her preparation was done with a private

tutor, and the final examinations, including Greek and mathematics, were passed with credit. She is now entitled to enter Radcliffe College, but we do not hear that she has any intention of doing so. The examinations were taken under conditions that vary little from those of regular candidates. A stranger read to her with finger language the questions on the paper, and she wrote her answer on the typewriter. She was in a room by herself in order that the click of the typewriter might not disturb others, under the eye of a proctor, and the regular time limits were observed with slight exceptions. As we read this record we almost forget that it is not the education of a normal girl, but of one who has never seen a printed word or heard a sound. What she is taught, Miss Keller appreciates far more than ordinary students. Nothing is a wearisome task to her, and her ambition, perseverance, and pleasure in study are inspiring. She has great natural ability, and a memory that never fails her, and her careful, wise training has given her great power. She seems to get as much enjoyment and satisfaction out of life as most people with all their senses.

Helen is an intellectual prodigy. Hers is not a creeping talent; it is a soaring genius—a true spark of the sacred fire, which the world does well to make the most of while it is alight.

Exceptional fervor of temperament, rare intellectual vivacity, intense earnestness—these are her primary

characteristics. She has uncommon mental power. Hence her dazzling conquests in the field of literature.

In order that the reader may have some conception of Helen's talents as a writer I close by quoting a portion of her description of Italy as a recitation. It is said she recited with her fingers at the rate of eighty words per minute:

"Italy is a country rich in beauty—beautiful blue skies, lovely scenery; rich, too, in works of art, grand cathedrals, beautiful paintings and statuary; rich also in poetry and music.

"Oh, Italy! lovely Italy! Land of song and of flowers. How happy I shall be when I am old enough to visit her great cities, for books and friends' descriptions have made them dear to me. I shall go to Rome first, and touch the many ruins which tell of the power and magnificence of Rome two thousand years ago.

"I fear I shall be very sad when I touch the ruins of the Pantheon and the Coliseum, but I shall try to forget that I am living hundreds of years after the glories of Rome have vanished. I shall try to imagine that the great generals are passing under the triumphal arches just as they did long ago, when Rome was the 'mistress of the world.'

"There is something in Rome which is not in ruins that will interest me greatly. It is the wonderful, beautiful Basilica.

"I am sure that when I stand in St. Peter's I shall

feel its beauty and majesty, as I feel the grandeur of the mountains when I am near them.

"The many palaces in Rome will also interest me. The Vatican is the most splendid of them all. It is filled with rare works of art, which have been collected and preserved by the different popes.

"I wonder what Romulus would think if he knew that four of the seven hills on which the ancient city was built are now almost deserted, and how very strange it would seem to him to find Rome the peaceful capital of a united Italy."

CHAPTER XII

THE EDUCATION OF THE DEAF

How few of the mass of humanity, possessed of their natural faculties and senses, ever pause to reflect upon the relative fortune and incomparable advantage which they possess over their less favored brethren who struggle from infancy with some avenue to the soul cut off.

We refer particularly to those having lost sight or hearing, as these losses still leave the intellect and will—the powers of mind and heart—intact. The capacity of the mind of the deaf child may be just as great as that of a philosopher. His quickness to grasp a truth may be above the average hearing child; his sense of right and wrong, of justice and injustice, just as keen as a Puritan's or Quaker's. But how to bring out this soul-power, how to cultivate, train, mould, and develop this *ego* so as to make it fully on an equality, in practical as well as theoretical life, is a branch of education which is still in its infancy. Yet the results of the present system of educating them are marvelous, when we compare the successes of the past one hundred years with the hopelessness of that time in which Lucretius wrote,

“To instruct the deaf no art can ever reach,
Nor care improve them, and no wisdom teach.”

It is a statistical fact that one person out of about every fifteen hundred is deaf. The necessity, therefore,

that this class of human beings should be educated and christianized is the more apparent as we realize their numerical importance.

As the two lines quoted above from Lucretius indicate, many centuries passed before any attempt was made to reach these unfortunate people. They were left in ignorance and darkness—cursed, as it would seem, by the Great Father. In this condition they were esteemed little more intelligent than our domestic animals. The utter depravity of human nature and the certainty of that inborn tendency to evil, which Presbyterians term original sin, exhibited itself in their incorrigible disposition, their total lack of principle, and a degree of cunning which branded them as dangerous and vicious. Being thus regarded, they were left to become tramps, beggars, and criminals. Frequently they fell victims to the passion of some one whom they had ignorantly wronged. It was often counted a blessing to remove such an individual from society by denying him his liberty or taking away his life.

Something over a century ago three men—one in France, one in Germany, and one in Great Britain—De l'Epee, Heinicke, and Braidwood—each in his own peculiar fashion (which, by the way, differed almost as radically as do the characteristics of these three nations), established almost simultaneously the public education of the deaf in their native countries.

Each was the originator and founder of a different

system of instruction. The Frenchman taught exclusively in gestures. The German aimed to train the perfect organs of speech, allowing his pupil to articulate his ideas as best he could and then read the motion of his master's lips in reply. To a Scotchman belongs the credit of devising the manual alphabet.

Each of these schools has to this day its bigots, who not infrequently become jealous rivals, each believing that he has found the better way. We have then the three systems respectively: signs, articulation, and dactylology. In regard to each, much may be said in its favor and some things against it.

Signs and gestures are especially adapted to the deaf-mute as a language corresponding to his pictorial mode of thought, and also from the fact that these same signs may be used as the interpreter of all other languages.

So long as the pupil remains in school, surrounded by his teachers and associates who can understand and converse readily, this method does very well. In this way, the deaf may be instructed to a limited degree in almost every department of science and in the fundamental points of Christianity. It makes intelligence out of a condition formerly worse in some respects than idiocy. Thus far we must applaud. But when the pupil leaves the school to battle with the world, he finds out that nobody understands his signs. He may know the names of many common things and be able to write them, but his attempts in construction of language will necessarily be ex-

tremely faulty and often meaningless. His whole life, therefore, must be a struggle against odds, and his social position exceedingly humble.

Articulation, when successful, brings the deaf most nearly on a par with his speaking brother; but the difficulties to be mastered by this process are enormous, requiring so much patient, individual, nerve-exhausting attention to each pupil that few schools can afford to follow it *in toto*.

Dactylology, or the use of the manual alphabet, is a very ingenious method, overcoming, to some extent, the objections and difficulties in the others. In this way the deaf person may spell on his fingers *verbatim et literatim*, the sentences we pronounce on our lips. Thus a very bright, ambitious, apt pupil may form correct ideas and learn the English phraseology for their equivalents.

This method is exceedingly tedious in that the process of spelling out each letter necessitates a much longer time than to pronounce words orally or picture them in signs. Student and teacher quickly tire and chafe for a gesture or pantomime which expresses in an instant the thought of perhaps a paragraph or page. This way, too, is very tiresome to the eye. Especially is this true in respect to an adult entering the profession, or a person becoming deaf after habits are formed. To such the manual alphabet is quite discouraging. The retina is soon strained and becomes inflamed by following the quick successions of varied positions of the hands in making the twenty-seven

alphabetical characters, besides marks of punctuation. The greatest care, therefore, must be exercised against overtaxing and weakening the sight. Frequently teachers have to leave their work to save their eyes.

These, then, are in brief the methods adopted in earlier times for instructing the deaf, and practically are the means in vogue in all institutions to this day.

About seventy-five years ago Thomas H. Gallaudet established the first school of this kind in the United States, at Hartford, Conn., and introduced the system of De l'Epee. Shortly after another school was planted in New York. These increased, sending out teachers, who planted off-shoots in other parts of the country and carried the great work on, till now, under Providence, there is scarcely a state or territory in which does not flourish one or more institutions for the deaf, with over nine thousand pupils. Above six hundred teachers are employed in the United States, who are carrying out literally what was done in the age of miracles—"The deaf were made to hear and the dumb to speak."

A teacher of the deaf must have three essential qualifications: First, patience; second, intelligence; and last but not least, devotion to his pupils. But what teacher in music, art, or any line of educational work does not need these same qualifications? It is true that some of the most successful teachers of the deaf have come into the work without any previous experience or preparation; yet, as in all trades, we most heartily approve of the latest

- disposition among superintendents of state institutions for the deaf to select teachers who have first taken a normal training for this work or have had some years of actual experience in teaching the deaf.

The first step in teaching a deaf child is to take some familiar object, as a doll, a fan, a ball, or the picture of a cat, a cow, or a dog, etc. By patient teaching, the pupil soon comes to recognize the movement of the lip of manual spelling as the name of a certain object. After this step has been taken, the commonest actions are shown in connection with names of things the pupil has learned. Thus gradually he is led to comprehend language as a medium for communicating thought.

As we have intimated above, different methods have always been employed in teaching the deaf. One great educator insists that signs must be employed in all cases. Another equally eminent educator persists in repeating that signs are useless, that signs impede education in its truest sense. He says "the oral system is the only true method of instructing the deaf and of setting them straight in their comprehension of language."

But opposed to them all stands Westerveldt, of New York, who says, "Away with your signs, away with your oralism. Give the deaf manual spelling. Teach him to spell and to read spelling like lightning—at the rate of two hundred words a minute. This will educate him."

Then there is another, now almost extinct, method—auralism. This theory presupposes a child deaf, but by

repeating again and again certain sounds within range of his auditory organ he comes to recognize certain vibrations as names of objects and manages to reproduce similar sounds with his own vocal organs. Such a pupil may have some hearing to begin with. Whether he has or has not, the theory is his ability to hear is improved by use like a blacksmith's muscle. Personally we doubt this—not in respect to the blacksmith, but in respect to the auditory nerve. Under the administration of Prof. J. A. Gillespie this method was much used and experimented with in the Nebraska institution, but the result, as we recollect the ding and screech of the chattering voice of a teacher in her school room, would destroy the hearing powers of most persons whose ears were moderately good. It is a well-known truth in medical science that muscle will strengthen by use, but nerve is strengthened by relaxation and rest. Auralism, then, as applied to teaching the deaf, would appear to work in opposition to the laws governing human anatomy.

However, it is not the purpose of the writer to enter into controversy with the enthusiasts of any school or theory. There is usually some good in every method that has stood a certain test—and the test in educating the deaf seems to me to be that some pupils have seemed to be greatly benefited by a certain process of teaching.

There are many different temperaments, capacities, and aptitudes among children. The medicine that will work cure in one person will not avail in the case of another

suffering with the same ailment. The method adapted to the education of one class of the deaf may be very ineffectual in developing faculties of pupils in another class. For instance, it is preposterous to suppose that all deaf can be educated by the oral method. We have one pupil in the Nebraska school at the present time—a boy of usual mental brightness—one that can learn an ordinary task as well as his neighbor if first that task is made plain so that he understands what is expected of him. This boy was educated (?) for six years by the oral method, yet he cannot to-day speak a distinct sentence; he cannot read his teacher's lips, and in answering ten extremely simple questions drawn from a very easy lesson in elementary geography, he failed on every question. The fact is, it was too hard for him. His mind had not been whetted, or sharpened, or developed (call it what you please) by the method used in teaching him for the past six years. In other words, the oral method is a dismal failure in his particular case.

It therefore becomes the duty of superintendents, principals, and teachers in schools for the deaf to weigh the adaptabilities of every pupil which comes under their charge—to arrange and classify so that the best powers of mind and soul of each pupil will be developed—that he may be educated, led out of the darkness of ignorance into the light of knowledge.

To do this, then, in a large school containing every rank and grade of pupils, would necessitate the employ-

ment of different methods. This is commonly known as the combined system and is the system generally adopted in a majority of the schools for the deaf in the United States. It is the system now in vogue in the Nebraska School for the Deaf at Omaha, and we believe it will become the universal system in the education of the deaf.

Of course every parent desires that his child shall learn to talk. He insists that his child shall be retained year after year in an oral class. This desire is but natural. Yet how often does a parent by insisting on this very point stand in the way of his child's progress in intellectual growth. A child may learn a few words—a few sentences—and all this is very pleasant; but the paramount issue is lost sight of. The child grows into a man, then what a disappointment to find the man full grown yet helpless and dumb.

When an institution is in the hands of an experienced, competent principal, it would be far better to let his judgment decide the right of a pupil to this department or that. The primary years of a child's school life are the most important.

Here lies the foundation of a pupil's education. Start a child right, and you may expect something good to result after ten or twelve years' schooling. Start a child wrong, and you may expect him to stagger and jerk about through the grades till the teachers and those in authority get disgusted with him, and either graduate or "quituate" him to get rid of him. Then he is about fit

to go back into the primary grades and begin his education over again, and now he is too old and stubborn and discontented; so out he goes into the world to be handled by that cruel process that often makes wrecks. Who is to blame? Surely not the pupil. The fault must be charged to the primary teacher.

Inculcate into deaf children at the very beginning of their school life manners of expression, language, and the use of language, with a knowledge of the fundamental principles of right and wrong, and we are going to base our faith on the belief that the future graduates will be men and women, self-supporting and law-abiding citizens.

R. E. STEWART,

Supt. Neb. School for the Deaf.

CHAPTER XIII

NOT OBJECTS OF CHARITY

As to occupations for the blind and the seeing, the blind have several disadvantages. In the selection of a profession for the seeing child, the range of employment is so extensive that the choice is not governed by necessity wholly, but the taste and talent of the individual may be largely consulted. But the range of employment for the blind is so limited that they are often obliged to take up a trade for which they have neither taste nor adaptation. Blindness, however, can no longer justly be considered synonymous with dependence and pauperism, for many of the graduates from our different institutions are standing high in the esteem of their fellow citizens, and are earning a good livelihood, solving the problems of life as organists, choristers, music teachers, piano tuners, tutors, writers, merchants, as well as in many other occupations. Notwithstanding these indisputable facts, their progress to success is hindered in a measure through a mistaken idea of the public in general doubting their ability to fill the different positions which our institutions fit and qualify them to hold. Those who employ a seeing workman do not feel it necessary to watch him. Knowing that he is in possession of all his faculties, they consider him fully capable of accomplishing the work they have given him; while the blind, in

securing employment, must first win the confidence of those whose patronage he seeks, which is sometimes difficult to do. For instance, once while in Arapahoe, Neb., a friend of mine had an organ that needed cleaning. Of course I solicited the job, which was given me with some reluctance, owing to the natural distrust referred to above. During the progress of the work my friend watched me very closely, and was so well pleased that afterwards, on his recommendation, I secured several jobs of like character, one of which was an organ that had been tampered with by others, and which I took apart, until there were three hundred separate pieces, and put it all together again, which, with some necessary repairs put in, was accomplished very successfully.

I have frequently made application to wholesale houses for a position on the road as salesman, but have usually been refused employment on the ground of my supposed inability. So we find that many avenues of employment are closed to us in this manner.

One great barrier to the manhood and success of the blind is sympathy. This may be surprising to many, but it is nevertheless true. Not because sympathy is not a good thing, for without it it would be difficult for any afflicted person to be contented, much less to do good work. Sympathy is a peculiar element in the make-up of man. It is a study of itself, as it can unconsciously be carried too far or not far enough. It is one thing that can be governed only by circumstances. If it is not car-

ried far enough with the blind, they are not employed. Hence they become discouraged and therefore indolent. If it is carried too far it cultivates a spirit of imposition as well as indolence. Thus encouraged to believe that the world owes them a living without any effort on their part, failure is the natural result. This is one reason why many of our graduates do not make as much of life as they should. To give you an idea how difficult it is to draw the line of sympathy in the right place, and how it sometimes fosters a disposition to impose, I mention negotiations I once opened with railroad officials concerning national half-fare rates for the blind. In a personal interview with one of these officials he said to me, "We sympathize with every deserving cause; but our sympathies are imposed upon to such an extent that we are often perplexed to know just what is the right thing to do. We are sometimes even tempted to turn a cold shoulder on everything. Were we to issue half-fare rates to the blind, our sympathetic effort would cause many to put on glasses and carry a cane to obtain the favor. We give half-fare ministers because we sympathize with religious effort. We consider this a sacred contract between them and us, not transferable. Notwithstanding this, they let others use their permits, thus imposing even upon sacred privileges." I am not whipping the ministry over the shoulders of the blind, but simply illustrating a principle.

Since it seems to detract from one's manhood to get

something for nothing, it should be made possible for every one with the ability and strength to earn and pay for all that he gets, barring inheritances and tokens of friendship and love.

Why do you educate the blind and deaf?

If you were to educate your boy who is possessed of his full faculties for the purpose of making his mark in the world, then after he graduates you set him up on the clock-shelf for an ornament, it would be the height of folly, would it not? Now is it right or economy to qualify the blind to fill different positions, then refuse them employment because you doubt their ability to perform that which you yourself have helped to fit them for?

In the profession of piano tuning the blind, as a rule, are better qualified and more thorough workmen than those who can see. Their hearing being much more acute assists them in accurately detecting perfect harmony. By the touch they know any piece in the piano, and where it belongs, as easily as the sight could discern. So why does the public need to doubt or fear the results of their workmanship?

Mr. C. Bruce is the tuning teacher at the Nebraska Institute for the Blind. He is totally blind, and yet I think I can say without much exaggeration that he could manufacture a piano, if necessary.

In teaching music the blind are usually more thorough than those who see, because they can quickly discern any imperfection in time or harmony. So you readily see

the reason why I so earnestly plead for employment rather than sympathy for the blind.

When they leave school, for God's sake and their own, do not encourage them to idleness; but direct your sympathy in an ardent effort to open their way and spur them on to earn an equal share of the rewards of the seeing.

Another unpleasant feature in a blind person's career is the humiliation growing out of the fact that there are a few blind people who turn hand organs on the street corners, sell verses of lamentations and appeals, or make a business of begging. For this reason the majority of the public look upon every blind person they meet as a mendicant and an object of charity. Because A is a beggar does that signify that B is the same? Because Judas hanged himself should we do likewise? I have seen many hard times in life, and had trying obstacles to overcome. Still I have never been compelled to beg a meal or a penny and never expect to be. But I have given many a meal to able-bodied men. Now if I were to take the turn on some of you because of this fact, you would promptly and indignantly resent it as an insult. Now I do not mean to imply that blindness is not a disadvantage; but I do mean to say that the public should be cautious in passing judgment in this matter. This, together with other points brought out in the foregoing, brings additional disadvantages which make it more difficult for us to succeed. This attitude toward the unfortunate

is, as a rule, simply thoughtlessness on the part of the public; but it is a serious mistake, as it often breeds despondency and adds materially to the list of your paupers.

I earnestly wish that each and every one of you would pause and look thoroughly back over your past life; and if you can think of any insinuating remark you have heard concerning yourself, and the pain it gave you at the time, that you may realize the importance of being scrupulously courteous to all in this respect.

The question arises here, Shall we encourage begging? I think you will all agree with me when I say No. I would much rather advise one left in a helpless condition, if he is obliged to depend upon charity for support, to accept of a home in some institution for that purpose, because there, as a general rule, he will receive proper care. In my mind there are two reasons why the public should not only not encourage but should not even tolerate begging. My first reason is, for the best interests of the intelligent classes. My second reason is, for the best interests of the state and municipality.

The object of charity is to alleviate the condition of the unavoidably poor and helpless. But is it not a sad fact that a large majority of the applicants do not at all belong to this class? By helping these tramp beggars and vagrants we simply promote their indolence and abnormal way of living, and at the same time intensify the hard lot of those who really deserve our sympathy

and commiseration. In this view of the case I think we can all readily see the great need of reform measures being instituted. For instance, ought not a boasted American civilization find, or if necessary invent, means by which we should no longer have any tramps, nor any who would have to feel the stigma of being paupers?

Suppose all the tramps and the poor who are able to work were compelled to labor for reasonable wages, or to pay for their support. And again, suppose those who unfortunately are really in a dependent condition were so cared for in county and city homes and hospitals that everybody would forget the dreaded name of "poor-house." Is this too much of a utopian view? Let us see. If laws were enacted and enforced to examine every beggar and to inspect every home in a humane manner, so as to ascertain the condition and needs of all in a community, whether in a city, town, or rural district, would not this be perfectly right and proper? Let us just for a few moments contemplate a condition of civil administration and service where proper persons are authorized and sworn to do such work as has been above indicated. How long could a worthy poor family be neglected? How long could a cripple be uncared for? How long could a lazy man be indulged in his foolish notions, and his family have to suffer the result of his folly? And how long could a drinker fool away his money and impose upon his family in his voluntary insanity? The reader will see at once how all these more unfortunate and the

more vicious people would be simply placed under such guardianship as they need and as would be for the best protection of society in general. The needy and the oppressed would all be relieved and cheered up. The discouraged and the lazy alike would find employment and somebody to manage for them, and the insane, especially the ones who make themselves insane with strong drink and narcotics, would be so controlled and confined as to afford protection to their families and safety to the community. And all of this is only the reasonable rule that should be enforced everywhere.

Does it pay the public to provide for the correction of all these conditions of society? The extra nickels, dimes, and quarters which we give the crude blind singer or the wandering organ grinder or some other poor mendicant, and with which help they still continue for a lifetime in their filth and discomfort, perhaps amounts to as much in a year as would keep them in the enjoyment of life's comforts in such a home as we are contemplating.

Omitting much that perhaps ought to be brought into this discussion, let us notice a fact, perhaps altogether a new thought to most readers, that many a kind-hearted and honest railroad conductor has lost his position by his generosity to some poor man or woman who begs for a ride. And similar evils come to other people than conductors. Thus the lot of both the beggar and the donor is made harder by the present state of things. The

imposition of the tramp hardens the heart against all beggars, so that the deserving, sickly, starving ones are liable to be turned away roughly, until their hearts are crushed and they die in shēds, more of despair than of their hunger and cold.

One more thought ought to be brought before the reader: Every benefaction on the part of the father or mother has its effect upon the minds of the children. The child trips off to school feeling happier and thinking better thoughts after seeing its mother give nice things and hearing her say kind words to a poor neighbor who is in distress. But imagine the effect upon the life of the schoolboy who, after seeing his father give a quarter to a poor man with which to buy his breakfast, sees the rascal enter a saloon, feeling rich with his father's money? Thus the boy and the father together have their hearts hardened against that whole class of people.

"The poor ye have always with you" is a truism everywhere, and it is good for us to find opportunities for personal almsgiving and good for our children to cultivate a spirit of sympathy and generosity by our examples. And when the very best public means are instituted for the relief and amelioration of suffering humanity, we shall still have better and more abundant opportunities for the enlargement of our hearts. I believe there is no one that deserves the heart-felt sympathy of mankind more than a person who, after attaining the age

of maturity, by accident, sickness, or otherwise, has the sad misfortune to become blind, deaf, crippled, or utterly helpless. Now the question arises in our mind, How shall we show our sympathy to such persons?

I will lay before you a plan by which to meet these cases. Treat them kindly in every possible manner, for at first they will usually give up in utter despair. Bring before them in comforting words the folly of wasting their time grieving over misfortunes which they cannot arrest, and the necessity of beginning life anew and making up, as nearly as possible, that which is lost forever. Endeavor to prove to them satisfactorily that by energy and perseverance it is possible to make themselves free and independent, or, in other words, there is still a way for them to earn an honorable living. You will probably ask, What occupation are such persons capable of following? That can only be determined according to their affliction, and should be, if possible, in harmony with their natural ability. If deaf, they may learn to do all kinds of manual or mechanical labor. One of the best shoemakers and three of the most accomplished tailors I have ever known were deaf. If crippled, and they are endowed with bright, active, and discerning minds, they may fill different positions in offices, such as bookkeepers, stenographers, etc. In conversing with a friend at Dorchester, Neb., upon this subject, he related an incident which proves to me the truth of the old adage, "Where there is a will there is a way." He said:

"I once met a gentleman who had lost both arms. His situation, his pleasing manner and address, drew from me a feeling of deeper sympathy than I had ever before felt for a human being. He was trying to earn his own living by taking orders for goods. He kept the papers in his pockets, and he would let his patrons take them out and write their own orders. He would then have the goods delivered, and thus kept himself in comfortable circumstances." Could anyone, who would for a moment ponder over his condition, withhold patronage from one who in life has fared so adversely? Let us enumerate a few of his disadvantages: No hands with which to do his own writing, nor to hold his book or paper, if he wished to read; no hands with which to feed himself, compelling him to depend upon others to do this for him, likewise to require assistance in his toilet; no hands to assist in regaining his feet, should falling be his lot. There are many other disadvantages we could mention regarding those in this deplorable condition.

But we must hasten to the occupation of those deprived of sight, in adult life. If a lady, she can learn to do almost all kinds of fancy work, sewing, and bead-work. If a gentleman, and he is capable of nothing else, he can take up some trade, such as broom, brush, or mattress-making, cane-seating, etc. A farmer living near Orleans, Neb., lost his sight at forty-five years of age and came to our school and quickly learned to make brooms, and at the present time is successfully engaged

in the manufacture of brooms in Michigan. John Milton wrote his famous "Paradise Lost" more than ten years after he became blind, yet his name stands prominent among the English poets.

WORDS OF CHEER

Strive on, oh you comrades in affliction,
Strive on until your cup of fame
Has been filled to the brim;
Strive on, until your achievements
Shall be second to none.
Strive on, until the number and brilliancy of your
Victories shall have astounded the world.

The future lies before you. With it you know not what may be in store. To-day you are well and hearty. To-morrow, by accident or sickness, you may be left in one of the conditions named. Then, and not until then, will you see the momentous importance of lending a hand to one who is now more unfortunate than yourself. To be a benefactor does not always consist in putting your hands in your pockets and giving your applicant so much money. This may not always be the thing to do. But you are a genuine benefactor when you encourage such persons to do something for themselves, or when you seek employment for them, thus giving them a chance to depend upon their own efforts. From a business standpoint alone, work of this kind pays, since life is uncertain and you may become the dependent one. Should this occur after you have done your duty, then in asking or

expecting a return you would not feel as the rich man did, when he begged Lazarus to give him water to cool his tongue. The rich man felt a guilty stain upon his conscience, knowing that he had deeply wronged Lazarus and was not worthy of the favor he was asking. I once read of a gentleman who lost his parents when but a small boy. He was shifted about from place to place and did not receive any education worthy of note. At the age of fifteen he accompanied an expedition to the frontier. After nearly a year of adventure he was shot by some Indians, shattering one of his limbs, making amputation necessary. Here he was, helpless, homeless, friendless, penniless, and without any legitimate resource by which to maintain himself. Naturally he pursued the only course that seemed to present itself, namely, begging. While following this pursuit he was met by a lawyer who at once saw that the boy possessed a bright, active, and discerning mind, and that there was a better position in life for him. He therefore took him to his own home and gave him a practical education. After ten years of laborious study, the young man became the partner of his friend, and a few years later secured a creditable position in a railroad office. Gradually by persistent effort he became an eminent attorney and accumulated an immense fortune. Years went by. Through a series of calamities his benefactor lost all his possessions and was just on the verge of poverty when the news of these reverses reached the young lawyer. Did he disregard

the misfortune of one who had rendered him such valuable assistance in the past? Not so. He hastened at once to his relief. His spirit of gratitude was aroused to the highest degree. He brought his foster father to his own residence, where he generously provided for him until he was carried to his last resting place. Thus he returned the cup of kindness so tenderly proffered to him many years before.

Reader, if you have any position of clerkship or any other employment that you can give to one who is unable to follow other occupations for a living, you cannot tell the good you may do by showing him the preference. For in so doing you place him in a condition to live comfortably, in the feeling that his life is not a burden to others, but that he is earning his daily bread with the labor of his own brain or hands, and that he really is a man among men. Patrick Henry said to our Revolutionary fathers, "Give me liberty or give me death!" Such, indeed, must be the feeling of one who is obliged to depend upon others for his living. His life is even a burden to himself, as such dependence deprives him of every spark of liberty and leaves him like one imprisoned, who can move neither to the right nor to the left, onward nor backward, without the consent of others. To such a person, if he has one drop of real manly blood within his veins, the Angel of Death would bring him sweet relief.

CHAPTER XIV

THE PINNACLE OF FAME

Incentives such as pride, looking forward to reward, a thirst for knowledge, a desire to excel, encouragements, and even privations, stimulate ambition. Ambition takes its seat in the mind at the age of reason, and holds the throne until second childhood. The mind is life, light, and power; life because it controls every act of the body; light because it perceives and comprehends; power because it makes possibilities realities. The five senses and the arms, hands, legs, feet, and other organs of the body are its tools. Imagine a carpenter trying to drive a nail with his saw for the want of his hammer, and you will faintly appreciate what it means for the mind to work with any one of its tools missing. Many, though encumbered by this disadvantage, have been able to accomplish much. In proof of this we now call attention to a few of the illustrious blind whose names are written indelibly in the world's book of fame.

The blind have contributed largely to literature, and in the development of natural science they have assisted in unfolding those branches which require profound thought and minute calculations. Neither have they taken a back seat in the realm of music, as in verse they have risen to the highest eminence.

Nicholas Anderson was born in England, in 1862, and

lost his sight in infancy. At an early age he manifested a thirst for knowledge, and several wealthy gentlemen were induced to supply the means which enabled him to obtain a substantial education. At the age of twenty-nine he succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as professor of mathematics in Cambridge University, which position he filled with great honor for a number of years.

Sir John Fielding, of England, was also blind from childhood, yet he was educated for the bar, and in his profession rose to eminence. In 1752 his fame as a jurist was such that it won for him the position of chief magistrate for the kingdom.

Possibly many of you have heard of the great naturalist, Sir Francis Hubert. He, too, was blind from early youth. He was born in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1750, and it is said that when very young he was fond of observing the nature and habits of insects, but seemed to be particularly interested in the natural history of bees, and by deep study and research in that direction, with the assistance of servants and intelligent friends, made many valuable discoveries, three of which I will mention. First, the origin of the propolis; second, settled the dispute as to the origin of the wax and the manner in which the bees prepared it for their use; third, showed the part each class of bees takes in the economy of the hive.

Hubert was once asked by a doubting friend how he could write so well of what he had never seen, and he

replied: "I am much more certain of what I write than you are of your productions, for you publish that only which your own eyes have seen, while I take the mean among many witnesses."

This man must have a rare understanding,
For nature recompenseth the defects
Of one part with redundance in another.

Robert Hall Babcock, A.M., M.D., was born July 26, 1851, in Watertown, N. Y., but was reared in Kalamazoo, Mich. His father was Robert S. Babcock, a native of Stoughton, Conn., and a member of the Babcock family of Westerly, R. I. His mother was a most estimable New York lady, whose maiden name was Emily M. Hall. As the reader may have already inferred, it thus happened that Dr. Babcock's name relates to both sides of the house. At the early age of thirteen years he was, through an accident, deprived permanently of his sight. It is a dreadful calamity at any time to become blind, but to have a cloud drawn over one's vision at a time in life when all nature seems wreathed in smiles, when everything seems to bask in God's sunshine, when hopes are high and the world seems full of brightness, then it must be that the soul retreats within itself, and then the brightness of life is gone. As our own Longfellow said in his *Hyperion*, "The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun." . . . "We both look forward into the coming lonely night." But then again, "But stars will

arise and the night is holy." And so with Babcock. Possessed of an indomitable will and filled with a high resolve to put into full exercise those qualities of mind and heart which even at this time of life possessed him, he entered the Philadelphia Institution for the Blind, remaining there three years. At the age of sixteen he entered the preparatory department of the Olivet College, Olivet, Mich. Three years later found him fairly entered in the freshman class of the Western Reserve College at Hudson. Too close application to his studies, together with the close confinement incident to student life, soon told on his health so heavily that in consequence he lost one year, at the end of which time he transferred his scholastic relations to the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, where he entered the class of 1875 in the beginning of the senior year. At the end of the year, owing to certain requirements which he was not willing to fulfil, he did not become a candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and so did not receive that mark of distinction, though qualified educationally to do so. In the autumn of 1875 medical studies were commenced in the same university, but were completed in the Northwestern University Medical School (Chicago Medical College) in the spring of 1878. A brilliant record was here made, Dr. Babcock holding the third place in a large class. He received the degree of Doctor of Medicine in February, and was one of the ten honor men who passed the best examination in a class of ninety. In June of the follow-

ing year he was married to Miss Lizzie C. Weston, of Montclair, N. J., and passed the following winter as quiz master in materia medica and obstetrics at his alma mater. At this time no attempt was made to engage in the active practice of his profession, but rather an effort to perfect his education along the line of the healing art. In July, 1880, he and his helpmeet sailed for Germany, where he spent three years in the further study of those branches embraced in his chosen field of work. During this time he took advantage especially of the opportunities offered at Berlin, Munich, and Wurtzburg, mainly, however, at Munich, devoting his time chiefly to his chosen specialty of the diseases of the heart and lungs. These highly interesting branches were selected as the ones to claim his best talent and effort, because of the important part played in the diagnosis of disease of the chest by the hands and ears, in percussion and auscultation. His manner, coupled with a high order of talent, soon attracted attention and gathered around him a warm coterie of friends, among whom were two men known the world over, Professor Seitz and Professor Von Ziemssen. Through the influence of the former his experience while tarrying at Munich was unusually rich and ample, and through the kindness of the latter he was permitted to visit regularly the wards of the great city hospital, and as often as he desired was allowed to examine the patients. Returning to Chicago in October, 1883, he at once began active practice as a specialist in diseases of the chest.

During the past decade his reputation has steadily and healthily grown, until at present he enjoys a most flattering patronage from those needing his skill and who have learned of his methods and results. He has been professor of clinical medicine, diseases of the chest, and of physical diagnosis in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago; until very recently active professor of physical diagnosis and clinical medicine, but now honorary professor of diseases of the heart in the Chicago Post Graduate School. At one time he occupied the position of specialist of diseases of the chest in the great Cook County Hospital. He is a fairly prolific writer, having contributed many articles of great value to the various medical publications, on his chosen subject, and is now recognized as an authority. He never writes without having a definite object in view, and so never issues an article not pregnant with fresh thought and ideas. It is said by one who had the good fortune to listen to the clinics given by Dr. Babcock at the Chicago Medical College, immediately after his return from Europe, "The ease with which the case in hand was analyzed, and the unerring direction of reasoning power, the wonderful delicacy of tactile sense and the refined ear, able to discriminate between the sounds of health and disease, have ever been a source of wonderment. His fund of knowledge seems to be exhaustless, and the patience he ever displayed in pointing out to our medically unsophisticated minds the various phenomena under consideration made him very popular with his students."

Life holds many attractions for him, and so familiar is he with the habits of people and the peculiarities of modern life and surroundings that one not acquainted with him would more often than not fail to suspect that a cloud had blotted out his sight forever. I neglected to say that in 1887 he was granted the degree of A.M. by Albert College, of Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.

One of his greatest delights is in the game of whist, which he plays by means of cards with raised marks upon their surface, invisible to the other players. His residence is at Highland Park, from which place he daily goes to and from his city office. Dr. Babcock is a striking example of what one deprived of sight may do when impelled by a resolution to do and to be.

Dr. James R. Coke graduated at the head of his class in Boston University School of Medicine in 1892, at the age of twenty-six. Though blind from infancy, he took up the study of medicine and surgery and excelled in them. In the final examination in practical anatomy he demonstrated all the principal muscles, nerves, and arteries as perfectly as the most advanced of his more fortunate classmates. His standing in this branch was ninety-eight per cent, and in twenty examinations, ninety-six per cent. He has developed marvelously the sense of hearing by which he successfully locates diseases of the lungs and other internal organs. The fine delicacy of his touch enables him to treat the most sensitive organs

of the body. He has performed many wonderful surgical operations. Once in removing a tumor, he found it necessary to use twenty-four forceps to stop veins and arteries. He personally removed the forceps and tied the blood-vessels quickly. He takes up and ties arteries in difficult cases more rapidly than many clear-seeing surgeons. Not only is he skilled in medicine and surgery but he is also a voluminous writer.

George S. Dobbins, who has been wholly blind for eighteen years, recently graduated with honors from the Chicago Homeopathic College. During his four years' course at that college he devoted all his efforts to diseases of the lungs, chest, and respiratory organs. In this department of medical science sounds are the doctor's guides, and his classmates and professors are agreed that the blind doctor is in every way qualified to become a successful specialist in these lines.

We will now turn our attention to a few of the deaf who have found their way by diligent seeking and untiring persistence to a prominent place in the world.

Douglas Tildon of California is one of the deaf of our own country who has won high honors as a sculptor, his latest and best work being designs for a memorial fountain, presented to the city of San Francisco by Mayor Phelan. Of these a recent writer says: "A study of the design will show how characteristic it is of the region and time. The sturdy young miner in the rough costume appropriate to his work, with a pick on his shoulder

and an unfurled flag in his hand, expresses very strongly the eagerness, the turbulence, and the patriotic pride which were features of early California days. The figure stands on the top of the pillar, holding an open book, on which are the letters, 'Sept. ix, MDCCCL.' On three sides of the pedestal are buffalo skulls entwined with rattlesnakes, the mouths of which form the jets from which the water flows."

Mr. Phelan also gave Mr. Tildon an order for a monument to Balboa, to be placed in the Golden Gate Park of that city. It is said that the trustees of the Donahue estate, who are to erect a fountain to cost \$25,000 and to be given to San Francisco, have been so pleased with the work of Mr. Tildon that they have given him the commission.

Other works of Mr. Tildon are "Combat with Grizzly Bear," a huge piece of sculpture, for a long time exhibited in the Art Institute of Chicago, at the World's Fair, and other places; the "National Game," and the "Tired Boxer."

He was educated in the California School for the Deaf, afterward attending the art school of that city, and still later spending several years in the School of Fine Arts, of Paris.

When he returned home he was appointed instructor in modeling in the art school of his native city.

Olof Hanson was born in Fjelkinge, southern Sweden, in 1862. His father was a well-to-do farmer, county

official, and railroad director. In 1874 his father died, and the following year his widowed mother and family moved to Willmar, Minn. Two weeks after coming to this country he lost his hearing, and, as the story may be of interest to some, we will relate it in some detail:

Like most boys, Olof was fond of outdoor recreation. It is a sad fact that boys are not so prudent as experience teaches them to be later. They are usually overladen with the spirit of adventure, and caution is only a germ in their nature which must be cultivated before it will have any bearing in ruling their acts. Snowballing and skating were numbered among the favorite amusements of Hanson during the winter season. The boys challenged one another as to who could cross the thinnest ice. Breaking through and getting thoroughly wet was a common, everyday occurrence. But these events were scrupulously concealed from the knowledge of their parents. It was his desire to become strong and hearty, and he naturally, like many other imprudent youngsters, took it for granted that exposure was the proper course to pursue in order to accomplish this end. As a result of this carelessness he was generally encumbered with a severe cold, which was injurious to the condition of his system. This fact made it impossible to treat successfully the germ of disease which this imprudence had planted in his ear. In addition to this, returning from school one day in a severe blizzard, his ears were frozen. Instead of notifying his parents,

on his arrival home, as he should have done, he went to the stove and thawed them by the fire, which proved fatal in its effects. He also slept before an open window, and one night there was an unusually cold draught over him. On awakening the next morning he felt dizzy and could not hear so well as usual, and he eventually lost his hearing.

Parents will do well to let this experience prompt them to firm action and restriction should they have boys who are inclined to be unreasonably reckless.

Hanson entered the Minnesota School for the Deaf at Faribault, Minn., in 1878, and graduated in 1881. Then he entered the Gallaudet College at Washington, and graduated in 1886 at the head of the second largest class in the history of the college up to that time. After graduating he entered the office of Hodgson & Son, architects, in Minneapolis, and remained with this firm until 1889. He then made an extensive tour through Europe, of ten months' duration, for professional study. When he returned, in 1890, he secured a position with Wilson Bros. & Co., of Philadelphia, who were then making plans for the new Pennsylvania School for the Deaf at Mount Airy, and for nearly a year he was engaged on the plans for these extensive buildings.

In 1891 he returned to Minnesota and worked at his profession in Duluth and Minneapolis. Among the buildings erected from his plans are the North Dakota School for the Deaf, a boys' dormitory at the Kendall

School, Washington, D. C., one building for the State School for the Feeble Minded, at Faribault, residence for Dr. J. L. Noyes, Faribault, for Mr. J. C. Howard, Duluth, and half a dozen others in Faribault and elsewhere; also six brick stores and business blocks in Faribault and other places, and a hotel for the Orinoco Company, in Venezuela, South America.

In 1898, besides other work, he was engaged on a public school building for the city of Faribault, which was won in competition with about twenty architects.

Mr. Hanson is said to be a pleasant and cultured gentleman, with more than the average amount of business ability possessed by the deaf as a class. He is regarded as one of the most distinguished of deaf graduates.

The *Ohio Chronicle* says of him: "Olof Hanson, the deaf architect, has formed a partnership with Frank Thayer, a prominent architect, with office in the I. O. O. F. Building in Mankato, Minn. Mr. Hanson is a graduate of Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., with the degree of Master of Arts. He has studied in Paris and traveled in England, France, Italy, Germany, and other European countries. He has worked in offices in Minneapolis, Omaha, Philadelphia, and other cities. During the past six years he has successfully conducted an architect's office at Faribault, Minn., and enjoyed a liberal patronage of both public and private work, including considerable state work. He is an associate member

of the American Institute of Architects, the leading architectural organization in America."

I could mention many other instances of like character, but enough for our present purpose. Imagine yourself deprived, for a lifetime, of any one or more of the senses. Then you will appreciate, though in a very small degree, how great the disadvantage. Should not this inspire you whose eyes are not darkened and whose ears are not stopped, to put forth every energy to attain still higher accomplishments? I have not written in vain if I can but inspire you to use your full endowment of faculties with as much zeal and energy as many of those who are less fortunate are doing.

One beautiful evening in October, 1894, I stood on the western slope of a lonely mountain, enjoying the soft, cool breeze, which was gently floating through the boughs of the majestic pines. Its low, sweet, mournful music soothed me into a deep meditative mood. As the great orb of day shed its last rays in the fathomless depth, I thought of the myriads of the sons of men who had arisen to manhood and prominence and gone down out of sight like the sun, some on the battlefield in defense of home and principle; some in missionary effort to bless benighted men; some from the college door, just in the swelling bud of manhood; some in dissipation and revelry, disappointing themselves and their friends; some in despair with blighted hopes and bitterest agony through no fault of their own; and some amid the

plaudits of nations, leaving an endless halo of glory to illuminate the path of struggling men.

As I stood on that mountain side thus meditating I heard, as it were, the sound of approaching voices, and one, with majesty in his mien, said: "I am Abraham, the father of Isaac and Jacob, commanded by God to leave Ur of the Chaldees and to go to Canaan. I became the father of a mighty nation, which was the repository of the oracles of God, and which included in its members the very Son of God. Continue my labor."

Another said: "I am Socrates. I devoted my life to exploring errors and establishing the existence of great truths. I lived solely for the welfare of my fellow-men, and yet I made enemies and was charged with being a corrupter of youth, and was condemned to death. But I died bravely, still discussing the immortality of the soul. Continue my labor."

"I, John Gutenberg, invented movable wooden types and set up a printing-press, in which the Bible for the first time was printed. I am the author of the art of printing, which has made possible the distribution of the Bible among the people. Never since the invention of the alphabet has there been a more important discovery. Continue my labor."

Still another cried out: "I believed the world was round and have proved it. I am Christopher Columbus, who discovered America. And though my whole life was one of discouragement and disappointment from

the incredulity of the people and the ingratitude of superiors, still I struggled to final success. Continue my labor."

Galileo said: "I am a celebrated Italian astronomer. I have made ocular demonstration of the earth's movements and discovered its rotation. Though threatened with terrible torture by the Court of Inquisition, I exclaimed in an undertone: 'It does move for all that!' Continue my labor."

In low but sincere tones another said: "I am Franklin, who discovered the identity of lightning with electricity. I also rendered important services toward the securing of the independence of the United States, and brought about the signing of the treaty of alliance with France. The independence of the United States has brought great freedom to the world. Continue my labor."

Longfellow said in his melodious voice:

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

IN CONCLUSION

BY THE EDITOR

It may be but fair that the one who has had so much to do with the whole work, and whose congratulations are due the author, should offer a concluding paragraph for this book.

In this age of steam and electricity and automatic machinery, it does not seem so very strange that the dumb should speak with their hands and the blind should read with their fingers.

But that one who was born blind—one who has never seen a book, should be the author of an educational work, a leader of thinkers, and a teacher of teachers, is indeed an anomaly—"a prodigy of learning," the *London Spectator* puts it.

Yet here is a volume, which lays no claim to literary merit, and still, among all the issues from the prolific press of this first year of the twentieth century, is one of the most intensely instructive, and at the same time one of the most entertaining in all the solid class.

Facts may yet be recognized as more strange than fiction, and good sense more fascinating than nonsense, when the pages show the marks of scholarship without pedantry and reasoning without sophistry.

Logic and rhetoric are arts of a fine quality, and years of hard study can never master them. Yet we see them best exhibited in some plain treatise of humble pretensions, but full of good sense.

To educate the blind and the mutes in the rudiments is a great achievement; but to enable one of these unfortunates to manifest real scholarship is a marvel. With all classes of learners we feel gratified to find a receptiveness and a capacity of holding knowledge, and but rarely do we expect one to become a living, flowing fountain of information. So we look upon Helen Keller as an intellectual prodigy.

But again we see that it is the mind that makes the man or the woman, and that it is only too true that many have eyes to see, but they see not, and ears to hear, but they hear not. The thinker will think; but the dullard will be stupid. Blind eyes excite our pity, but the blind soul is a greater misfortune.

An active mind in a man of good habits, even if he has no eyes, will learn and will assert itself. In this progressive age, such a person will reason, will compare, will observe; yea, instinctively will teach, and others will instinctively be learners at his feet.

A Booker T. Washington uses his eyes and ears, and rises above all his adverse environments. He shows himself a man, among the greatest of men, and lifts thousands of his down-trodden African race to a plane of practical knowledge and effectiveness which causes the world to look with surprise at his Tuskegee College. In 1881 that college in Alabama was started in a shanty, amid the derisions of the southern white people. What have these twenty years brought forth?

There stands the Tuskegee College for the blacks, with its forty-six buildings on twenty-three hundred acres of land, with twelve hundred students, representing twenty-seven states. In addition to their school instructions, the students receive a training in all the industries, each having the privilege of selecting that kind of work to which he finds himself best adapted.

In his book "Up from Slavery," Mr. Washington says: "From the very beginning at Tuskegee, I was determined to have the students do not only the agricultural and domestic work, but to have them erect their own buildings." In its onward struggles this institution rendered itself well worthy of the visit which President McKinley paid it in December, 1898, and of the financial aid since bestowed by Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie.

Another very helpful advance movement may be seen in the noble educational projects of Walter Vrooman, the American philanthropist, who went to England and built Ruskin Hall at Oxford University. Now many a plebeian of England has awakened to a consciousness that he, too, can hope to acquire an education.

Now as a token of their appreciation the students and friends of Ruskin Hall have sent Mr. Vrooman back to his home-land with twenty thousand dollars of their money, with which to start a similar institution in America, to awaken the latent powers of the common people. So Mr. Vrooman arrived in New York and made known his plan. To his surprise he learned that a similar enter-

prise was already started in the very center of the United States.

After visiting Avelon College at Trenton, Mo., and inspecting their plans and work, he adopted that school for his benefactions. His Ruskin nest-egg attracted additions. Now this humble Missouri college has had one year's experience under the new regime and its new name of Ruskin College. It had already been made an industrial institution. But now the whole plan has been better matured.

The theory is that if the time necessary for physical exercise is spent by the student in productive labor, for which he is paid reasonable wages, he can support himself while in college, not only without detriment, but with great advantage to his intellectual pursuits. For carrying out this plan the college has established a carpenter's shop, sewing department, laundry, and a cooking department. The fifteen hundred acre farm, the manufacturing department with its sixteen thousand dollars capital, the canning and other industries, furnish all necessary employment for the students.

Students entering on this industrial plan are furnished from six to thirty hours of labor per week, at ten cents an hour. A student who pays one hundred and twenty-five dollars into the industrial fund receives thirty hours of labor a week, his wages covering expense of board and tuition. One who pays only twenty-five dollars into this fund (equal to a small tuition fee), will get six hours'

work every week. This industrial scholarship is good for four years. This school is expected to enrol one thousand students in its second year. It is intended to be the headquarters of a system of similar institutions in all parts of America. The enterprise is being watched by people all over the country with the same interest with which they have followed the work which Booker T. Washington is doing for the colored people.

These two "new departures" in higher school work will suffice to show the trend of progress in these days, to bring a liberal education within the reach of all the people who appreciate it. Our institutions for the blind and the deaf are model schools. Our city high schools now give our young people an academic education. Our colleges and universities are open to all people, on such terms as to leave the young people of America without any excuse for illiteracy.

CHAPTER XV

A SERMON BY DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE

THE LAME TAKE THE PREY, Isa. 33:23. The utter demolition of the Assyrian host was here predicted. Not only the robust men should go forth and gather the spoils of conquest, but even men crippled of arm and crippled of foot should go out and capture much that was valuable. Their physical disadvantages should not hinder their great enrichment. So it has been in the past. So it is now. So it will be in the future. So it is in all departments. Men laboring under seemingly great disadvantages, and amid the most unfavorable circumstances, yet making grand achievements, getting great blessing for themselves, great blessing for the world, great blessing for the church, and so "the lame take the prey."

Do you know that the three great poets of the world were totally blind—Homer, Ossian, John Milton? Do you know that John Prescott, who wrote that enchanting book, "The Conquest of Mexico," never saw Mexico, could not even see the paper on which he was writing? A framework across the sheet, between which, up and down went the pen immortal. Do you know that Gambassio, the sculptor, could not see the marble before him, or the chisel with which he cut it into shapes bewitching? Do you know that Alexander Pope, whose poems will last as long as the English language, was so

much of an invalid that he had to be sewed up **every** morning in rough canvas, in order to stand on his feet at all?

Do you know that Stuart, the celebrated painter, did much of his wonderful work under the shadow of a dungeon, where he had been unjustly imprisoned for debt? Do you know that Demosthenes, by almost superhuman exertion, first had to conquer the lisp in his own speech before he conquered assemblages with his eloquence? Do you know that Bacon struggled all through innumerable sicknesses, and that Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott went limping on club feet through all their lives, and that many of the great poets and painters and orators and historians and heroes of the world had something to keep them back, and pull them down, impede their way, and cripple their physical or their intellectual movement, and yet that they pushed on and pushed up until they reached the spoils of worldly success, and amid the huzza of nations and centuries? "The lame took the prey."

You know that vast multitudes of these men started under the disadvantage of obscure parentage. Columbus, the son of the weaver; Ferguson, the astronomer, the son of the shepherd. America the prey of one; worlds of worlds the prey of the other. But what is true in secular direction is more true in spiritual and religious directions, and I proceed to prove it.

There are in all communities many invalids. **They**

never know a well day. They adhere to their occupations but they go panting along the streets with exhaustion, and at eventime they lie down on the lounge with aches beyond all medicaments. They have tried all prescriptions, they have gone through all the cures which were proclaimed infallible, and they have come now to surrender to perpetual ailments. They consider they are among many disadvantages; and when they see those who are buoyant in health pass by they almost envy their robust frames and easy respiration.

But I have noticed among that invalid class those who have the greatest knowledge of the Bible, who are in nearest intimacy with Jesus Christ, who have the most glowing experiences of the truth, who have the most remarkable answers to prayers, and who have most exuberant anticipations of heaven. The temptations which weary us who are in robust health they have conquered.

Many who are alert and athletic and swarthy loiter in the way—the lame take the prey. Robert Hall an invalid, Edward Payson an invalid, Richard Baxter an invalid, Samuel Rutherford an invalid. This morning when you want to call to mind those who are most Christlike, you think of some darkened room in your father's house from which there went forth an influence potent for eternity.

A step farther: Through raised letters the art of printing has been brought to the attention of the blind.

You take up the Bible for the blind, and you close

your eyes, and you run your fingers over the raised figures, and you say, "Why, I never could get any information in this way. What a slow, lumbrous way of reading! God help the blind!"

And yet, I find among that class of persons, among the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, the most thorough acquaintance with God's word. Shut out from all other sources of information, no sooner does their hand touch the raised letter than they gather a prayer. Without eyes, they look off upon the kingdoms of God's love. Without hearing, they catch the minstrelsy of the skies. Dumb, yet with pencil, or with irradiated countenance, they declare the glory of God.

A large audience assembled in New York at the anniversary of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and one of the visitors with chalk on the blackboard wrote this question to the pupils: "Do you not find it very hard to be deaf and dumb?" And one of the pupils took the chalk and wrote on the blackboard this sublime sentence in answer: "When the song of the angels shall burst upon our enraptured ears we will scarcely regret that our ears were never marred with earthly sounds." Oh, the brightest eyes in heaven will be those that never saw on earth. The ears most alert in heaven will be those that in this world heard neither voice of a friend, nor thrum of harp, nor carol of bird, nor doxology of congregations.

A lad who had been blind from infancy was cured. The oculist operated upon the lad and then put a very

heavy bandage over the eyes, and after a few weeks had gone by the bandage was removed, and the mother said to her child, "Willie, can you see?" He said, "Oh, mamma! is this heaven?" The contrast between the darkness before and the brightness afterward was overwhelming. And I tell you the glories of heaven will be a thousand-fold brighter for those who never saw anything on earth. While many with good vision close their eyes in eternal night, and many who had good artistic and cultured ears went down into eternal discord, these afflicted ones cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he made their sorrows their advantage, and so "the lame took the prey."

In the Seventh century there was a legend of St. Modobert. It was said that his mother was blind, and one day while looking at his mother he felt so sympathetic for her blindness that he rushed forward and kissed her blind eyes, and the legend says her vision came immediately. That was only a legend, but it is the truth, glorious truth, that the kiss of God's eternal love has brought to many a blind eye eternal illumination.

A step farther: There are those in all communities who toil mightily for a livelihood. They have scant wages. Perhaps they are diseased, or have physical infirmities, so they are hindered from doing a continuous day's work. A city missionary finds them up a dark alley, with no fire, with thin clothing, with very coarse bread. They never ride in a street car; they cannot

afford the five cents. They never see any pictures save those in the show window on the street, from which they are often jostled, and looked at by some one who seems to say in the look, "Move on! What are you doing here looking at pictures?"

Yet many of them live on mountains of transfiguration. At their rough table he who fed the five thousand breaks the bread. They talk often of the good times that are coming. This world has no charm for them, but heaven entrances their spirit. They often divide their scant crust with some forlorn wretch who knocks at their door at night, and on the blast of the night wind as the door opens to let them in is heard the voice of him who said, "I was hungry and ye fed me." No cohort of heaven will be too bright to transport them. By God's help they have vanquished the Assyrian host. They have divided among them the spoils. "The lame, they took the prey."

I was riding along the country road one day, and I saw a man on crutches. I overtook him. He was very cold. He was going very slowly. At that rate it would have taken him two hours to go a mile. I said, "Wouldn't you like to ride?" He said, "Thank you, I would, God bless you." When he sat beside me, he said, "You see, I am very lame and old, but the Lord has been a good Lord to me. I have buried all my children. The Lord gave them and the Lord had a right to take them away. Blessed be his name. I was very sick, and I had no

money, and my neighbors came in and took care of me, and I wanted for nothing. I suffered a great deal with pain, but then I have so many mercies left. The Lord has been a good Lord to me." And before we had got farther, I was in doubt whether I was giving him a ride, or he was giving me a ride. He said, "Now, if you please, I'll get out here. Just help me down on my crutches, if you please. God bless you. Thank you, sir; good morning, good morning. You have been feet to the lame, sir, you have. Good morning."

Swarthy men had gone the road that day. I do not know where they came out, but every hobble of that old man was toward the shining gate. With his old crutch he had struck down many a Sennacherib of temptation which has mastered you and me. Lame, so fearfully lame, so awfully lame, but he took the prey.

A step farther: There are in all communities many orphans. During our last war, and in the years immediately following, how many children at the North and South were heard to say, "Oh, my father was killed in the war." Have you ever noticed—I fear you have not—how well those children have turned out? Starting under the greatest disadvantage, no orphan asylum could do for them what their father would have done had he lived. The skirmisher sat one night by the light of fagots, in the swamp, writing a letter home, when a sharp-shooter's bullet ended the letter, which was never folded, never posted, and never read. Those children

came up under great disadvantages. No father to fight their way for them. Perhaps there was in the old family Bible an old yellow letter pasted fast, which told the story of their father's long march, and how he suffered in the hospital. But they looked still further on in the Bible, and they came to the story where God is the father of the fatherless, and the widow's portion, and they soon took their father's place in that household. They battled the way for their mother. They came on up, and many of them have already, in the years since the war, taken positions in church and state, North and South, while many of those who suffered nothing during those times have had sons go out into lives of indolence and vagabondage. These who started under so many disadvantages because they were so early bereft, these are the lame who took the prey.

A step farther: There are those who would like to do good. They say, "Oh, if I only had wealth, or if I had eloquence, or if I had high social position, how much I would accomplish for God and the church!" I stand here to-day to tell you that you have great opportunities for usefulness.

Who built the pyramids? The king who ordered them built? No; the plain workmen who added stone after stone and stone after stone. Who built the dikes of Holland? The government that ordered the enterprise? No; the plain workmen who carried the earth and hung their trowels on the wall. Who are those who have built

these vast cities? The capitalists? No; the carpenters, the masons, the plumbers, the plasterers, the tinnern, the roofers, dependent on a day's wages for a livelihood. And so in the great work of assuaging human suffering and enlightening human ignorance and halting human iniquity. In that great work, the chief part is to be done by ordinary men with ordinary speech, in an ordinary manner, and by ordinary means.

The trouble is that in the army of Christ we all want to be captains and colonels and brigadier-generals. We are not willing to march with the rank and file and do duty with the private soldier. We want to belong to the reserve corps and read about the battle while warming ourselves at the camp-fires, or on furlough at home, our feet upon an ottoman, we sagging back into an arm-chair.

As you go down the street you see an excavation and four or five men are working, and perhaps twenty or thirty learning on the rail looking over at them. That is the way it is in the Church of God to-day; where you find one Christian hard at work there are fifty men watching the job.

Oh, my friends, why do you not go to work and preach the Gospel? You say, "I have no pulpit." You have. It may be the carpenter's bench, it may be the mason's wall. The robe in which you are to proclaim this Gospel may be a shoemaker's apron. But woe unto you if you preach not this Gospel somewhere, somehow! If this

world is ever brought to Christ, it will be through the unanimous and long-continued efforts of men who, waiting for no special endowment, consecrate to God what they have. Among the most useless people in the world are men with ten talents, while many a one with only two talents, or no talent at all, is doing a great work, and so "the lame take the prey."

There are thousands of ministers of whom you have never heard—in log cabins at the West, in mission chapels at the East—who are warring against the legions of darkness, successfully warring. Tract distributors, month by month, undermining the citadels of sin. You do not know their going or their coming; but the footfalls of their ministry are heard in the palaces of heaven. Who are the workers in our Sabbath schools throughout this land to-day? Men celebrated, men brilliant, men of vast estate? For the most part, not that at all.

I have noticed that the chief characteristic of the most of those who are successful in the work is that they know their Bibles, are earnest in prayer, are anxious for the salvation of the young, and Sabbath by Sabbath are willing to sit down unobserved and tell of Christ and the Resurrection. These are the humble workers who are recruiting the great army of Christian youth—not by might, not by power, not by profound argument, not by brilliant antithesis, but by the blessing of God on plain talk, and humble story, and silent tear, and anxious look. "The lame take the prey."

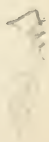
Oh! this work of saving the youth of our country—how few appreciate what it is! This generation trampling to the grave—we will soon all be gone. What of the next?

An engineer on a locomotive going across the western prairies day after day saw a little child come out in front of a cabin and wave to him; so he got into the habit of waving back to the little child, and it was the day's joy to him to see the little one come out in front of the cabin door and wave to him, while he answered back. One day the train was belated and it came onto the dusk of the evening. As the engineer stood at his post he saw by the headlight that the little girl was on the track wondering why the train did not come, looking for the train, knowing nothing of her peril. A great horror seized upon the engineer. He reversed the engine. He gave it in charge of the man on board, and then he climbed over the engine and he came down to the cow-catcher. He said though he had reversed the engine it seemed as though it were going at lightning speed, faster and faster, though it was really slowing up, and with almost superhuman clutch he caught that child by the hair and lifted her up, and when the train stopped and the passengers gathered around to see what was the matter, there the old engineer lay, fainted dead away, the little child alive in his swarthy arms. "Oh!" you say, "that was well done." But I want you to exercise some kindness and appreciation toward those in the com-

munity who are snatching the little ones from under the wheels of temptation and sin—snatching them from under thundering rail-trains of eternal disaster, bringing them up into respectability in this world and into glory for the world to come. You appreciate what the engineer did; why can you not appreciate the grander work done by every Sabbath school teacher and by every Christian worker?

Oh! my friends, I want to impress upon myself and upon yourselves that it is not the number of talents we possess, but the use we make of them.

God has a royal family in the world. Now, if I should ask, Who are the royal families of history? you would say, House of Hapsburg, House of Stuart, House of Bourbon. They lived in palaces and had great equipage. But who are the Lord's royal family? Some of them may serve you in the household, some of them are in unlighted garrets, some of them will walk this afternoon down the streets, on their arms baskets of broken food, some of them are in the almshouse, despised and rejected of men, yet in the last great day, while it will be found that some of us who fared sumptuously every day are hurled back into discomfiture, they are the lame that will take the prey.





OCT 30 1950

